

SATURDAY NIGHT



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GENERAL SECTION
1 to 12

WOMEN'S SECTION
13 to 24

FINANCIAL SECTION
25 to 40

This Week:-Sunlight on Tar, P.O'D—Getting That Government Job—Will Our Forest Industry Survive?—The Market and the Monkey—Beauharnois Power Question

The FRONT PAGE

Kellogg Treaties Ratified

The action of the United States Senate in unanimously ratifying the Kellogg Peace Treaty not only saves that nation from what would have been a very undignified position, but emphasizes an important international gesture. If after all the ceremonial which attended the signing of the Treaty in Paris by the U. S. Secretary of State and the plenipotentiaries of many other nations the Senate had thrown out the pact, the United States would have been placed in a most ridiculous position detrimental to the dignity of a great power. That there was danger of such a catastrophe, reports of preliminary discussions and many criticisms in the press left little doubt. Much credit for the ultimate and unanimous ratification is due to the steadfastness of President Coolidge and Senator Borah, two public men SATURDAY NIGHT has not always regarded with glowing enthusiasm.

There have been countless assertions by so-called experts to the effect that the clauses mean nothing in a practical sense, that under their terms and reservations, they would have been inadequate to avert any war which has taken place in the past hundred years. Nevertheless they do mean something. They are an unmistakable expression of the changing moral and mental attitude of humanity toward war as a solution of international disputes. They are a rejection of the adage that prior to 1914, was accepted as axiomatic by civilized and uncivilized humanity at large, "In time of peace prepare for war". They say in essence "In time of peace, prepare to avert war by conciliation".

Able critical analysts have shown that they do not actually "outlaw" war. The important thing to be considered is that the vast majority of people of the many nations which signed the Treaty at Paris believe that they do outlaw war in a moral sense at least, and are cordially in favor of the Treaty for that very reason. No one can deny that they are at least a step in the right direction.

So far as the United States is concerned they are a declaration that while that power is not prepared to enter the League of Nations it is in sympathy with the purposes for which the League was founded. And the good sense of humanity must approve of any measure however nebulous, which directs vast masses of opinion toward the fulfilment of those purposes.

Cardinal on Sunday Labor

Cardinal Rouleau has announced the inauguration in the spring of a campaign against Sunday labor in the Province of Quebec. This is a matter to which we have had occasion to refer before now in these columns, and we are glad to find the Cardinal, with the authority attaching to his office, coming forward so strongly and outspokenly on the question. Apart from the religious aspect of the subject, the practice, which has been far too prevalent in the province in the past, is utterly undesirable on the general grounds of the health and well-being of the workers.

It is particularly unfortunate that in Quebec, where the people are a people of church-goers, so many firms—and some of them big enough and important enough to know better—should have insisted on running their plants on Sundays. For, as the Cardinal pertinently remarks, if the workers who, as we have said, are, in Quebec, normally strong church-goers, are to be deprived of the benefits of church attendance, they are likely to "turn towards communism, which would mean the ruin of industry." Thus the very interests that have been responsible for Sunday labor are those that would suffer most the consequences to which, as Cardinal Rouleau sees it, such a practice is likely to lead.

In any case, the seven-days-a-week idea is utterly out of harmony with the spirit of the days in which we live and should be discountenanced in every responsible quarter. The Government of the Province has, before now, expressed its intention to proceed against those responsible for violations of the law of this kind. But, for reasons readily understood by those acquainted with industrial conditions in Quebec, authentic information with respect to them is usually not very readily forthcoming. However, the campaign fore-shadowed by Cardinal Rouleau should do a good deal to let a little light into dark places.

Answer to Fears of U. S. Penetration

Hon. James Malcolm, the federal Minister of Trade and Commerce, recently made a speech at the border city, Windsor, which we hope will receive the attention it deserves in Great Britain. In London, Manchester and elsewhere are still a number of well meaning publicists who openly express fears that the trend of events in Canada indicates ultimate economic absorption by the United States. SATURDAY NIGHT has frequently pointed out the fallacy of these suggestions; and the fact that despite the influx of United States capital, pro-British sentiment was never so active or vital in Canada as at the present day. No better proof of this could be forthcoming than the eagerness of politicians who have their ears to the ground to meet and profit by this sentiment. And it should be added that the native Americans who, in course of business, gravitate to Canada usually become very good Britishers, and are the last men likely to knowingly promote any form of economic penetration that means political absorption. The annexationists we encounter are a few poor spirited citizens of our own country who have somehow gotten into their addled heads that Canada is a failure.

As an answer to the timorous commentators in Great Britain, it were best to quote without paraphrase the words of Mr. Malcolm, who is certainly entitled to speak with authority, both as a public man and a manufacturer:—"Occasionally one hears the contention that we are



LADY HAMILTON AS "MIRTH"

This famous picture by the great painter, Romney, is one of the notable works in the loan exhibition of old masters at the Toronto Art Gallery. It is owned by Sir Joseph Duveen, Bart., of London and New York. It is one of many symbolical pictures of Lady Hamilton painted before her marriage while she was still Romney's favorite model.

being slowly brought up by another friendly country—that there is too much foreign money constantly being invested in Canada," the Minister said. "But who is there that has given any thought to the history of foreign investment who has not realized that in almost every instance capital, which knows no nationality and knows no country, is followed by the owners of the capital into the country of investment, and that eventually the capital is nationalized with the nationalization of the owner."

"Our ever-increasing wealth," said the speaker, "is putting us in a position where within the boundaries of this Dominion we are able to finance most of our major operations." He pointed out that out of a total investment in Canada of \$16,000,000,000 only one-third was owned outside of Canada, and a good part of that third was held by people owing allegiance to the British flag.

Birthday of a Grand Canadian

This journal, like most of its "esteemed contemporaries" is happy to join in the congratulations which have been showered upon Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of Ontario and Chancellor of the University of Toronto on the completion of his eighty fifth year on January 19th. Sir William is almost unique, even in a country where both mental and physical longevity are no uncommon phenomenon. Few such examples of a still youthful mind and still vigorous physique after so long a life are recorded. The most immortal line in the Satires of Juvenal is "Mens sana in corpore sano" which has for many centuries been accepted as the desideratum without which a civilized humanity is impossible. Anthony Trollope in commenting on this proverb once suggested that in addition to a sound mind in a sound body, the habit of industry is essential. In that respect also Sir William has always been extraordinary. The meridian of his ninth decade finds him as busy and active a man as is to be found on this continent; grappling daily with problems which demand the most intense mental application, and sympathetically active, in a host of educational and humanitarian movements. Many writers have from time to time noted superior physical vigor in the Celtic fringe of the races which constitute the general total of British stock, and perhaps Sir William Mulock has reason to be grateful to the sturdy Irish ancestry of which he is unquestionably proud. He is however not only a great Irishman but a greater Britisher, and few Canadians, living or dead, have contributed so much in the way of practical ideas taking the form of action, to the advance of his native Canada and the Empire of which it is a part.

It is impossible that a man should live so long as Sir William without experiencing many griefs. That is the inevitable fate of anyone who lives beyond middle age. But his spirit has been strong to meet them; and each fresh

year of his later life has seemed to widen his sympathies. In his case there exists to the full the respect, admiration and affection of his fellow men, which is the sole reward of a long and well spent life.

Oriental Romance Comes True

Those familiar with Oriental literature in which all our fiction and romance have their beginnings, have noted the prevailing note of the obscure person who rises to a post of great power and influence. Often it is a man and sometimes, even, a woman. Of the latter type of tale that splendid romance, (and by this we do not signify that it is unhistorical), the Book of Esther is a magnificent example. The Sanscrit classic "Thousand and One Nights Entertainment" fairly teems with tales of the accession to power of one sort or another, by the lowly. In fact this is the keynote of the whole book. Frequently magic has much to do with the narrative, as in the tale of Ali Baba; but magic is seldom the sole motivation of such human transformations.

The cabled news from Afghanistan recording the accession to the throne of the rebel leader Bacha Sakao, who has assumed power under the name of Babibullah Khan is like a tale of the Arabian Nights turned into reality. We are told that Babibullah began life as a water carrier's son, and graduated by his superior resource into the role of a successful bandit, which in the Orient is not regarded as a disreputable calling. All we can hope for is that the water carrier's son will be content with having achieved the goal of his ambitions and lead a reformed life, which would also be quite in keeping with the romantic tradition. If he succeeds in giving peace, unity and independence to his country and sends to the right about face all who seek to make him a cat's paw of designs against the peace of central Asia he will prove a benefactor.

C. O. D. Postage a Business Boon

Last October the United States postal department adopted a new idea which after three months trial is recognized as a great success from the standpoint of business men, especially those who use "direct advertising" or circularization as a selling medium. It is known as "C.O.D. postage." Under this system the firm which sends out circulars to "prospects" arranges with the post office department to pay the postage on return cards or envelopes that are mailed out in connection with the wares advertised by circular.

Every reader must be familiar with the system whereby he receives a stamped envelope or postcard for reply, which in many cases he throws away. It is the experience of many firms that fifteen per cent. is a good average of replies in connection with direct advertising campaigns.

Let us suppose that a publisher or a manufacturer sends out 20,000 circulars under the system at present prevailing in Canada and only recently abandoned in the United States. He encloses 20,000 envelopes for reply stamped with 2 cents postage which means an expenditure of \$400. But of these only 3000 with stamps to the value of \$60 are used for the purpose intended, and to the firm in question the balance of \$340 represents just so much loss.

Under "C.O.D. postage" the prospect merely fills in the form provided, puts it in the envelope, mails it, and the postman collects the postage on its delivery back to the original sender. The same system applies to return post cards. We have before us, for instance, a circular sent out by a great American firm of publishers offering certain reference books and enclosing what is termed a "Business Reply Card" with the advice "No postage stamp necessary if mailed before Feb. 1st."—a plan which simplifies matters very much for everybody. The new system will be urged on the Federal Government during the coming session of the House of Commons and an enactment similar to that adopted in the United States will undoubtedly appeal to the great majority of Canadian business men.

Death Ends Notable Career

In the death of Hon. G. H. Murray, his native Province of Nova Scotia and the Dominion at large lose a figure of unchallengeable distinction. His political career was one of the most notable in Canadian annals, in the length of time that he held the highest political office in his province. As Premier King said, in the course of a sincere tribute to him, he had to his credit "a record of continuous service as leader of a government, which is unparalleled in the history of Canada," and probably without precedent in the history of the British Empire.

It was certainly a man of no ordinary calibre who, on six successive occasions, led his party to victory and who held the office of Premier of his Province for two years longer than a quarter of a century. He was not versed in the tricks of demagoguery. He was not what is ordinarily spoken of as a good mixer. His qualities were of the solid and substantial, rather than of the showy and coruscating order. He was somewhat slow in action, deeming it better to wait and win than to leap and lose. But he had character, and it was in virtue of that character that he impressed his personality so deeply on the public life of Nova Scotia. In the course of time his prestige with the people, almost irrespective of party, became almost phenomenal. He inspired confidence in his political friends and esteem in his political opponents to a degree at once remarkable and rare, and of that confidence and esteem he showed himself fully worthy.

Something of a parallel to the high regard Mr. Murray for so long enjoyed in Nova Scotia may be found in the record of the late Sir Oliver Mowat in Ontario. To each of them was accorded the rare distinction of becoming, in his lifetime, a national historical figure.

Quebec's Tuberculosis Campaign

Hon. L. A. David, Provincial Secretary for Quebec, made announcement recently with regard to the Quebec Government's campaign against tuberculosis. He emphasized the fact that the government is concerned with nothing more vitally than it is with the fight against tuberculosis and infantile mortality. In saying this, we believe that he is doing the government no more than justice. In particular, he himself has shown a most praiseworthy energy in getting much-needed measures of reform in the manner of combating the menace in question put through. It is now according to his announcement the government's intention to increase the number of beds and the other accommodation for consumptives in the province's two sanatoria at Laval and Lake Edward. Further than that, a new sanatorium is to be built in the neighborhood of Montreal for the benefit of tubercular patients of the city.

Not only is the Quebec Government doing a good deal directly to fight tuberculosis and infantile mortality, but it has also been highly successful in its efforts to open the eyes and arouse the consciences of the public to the scourge of both. The government is getting the hearty co-operation of the best intelligences in the province in its educational campaign.

Plan to Stop St. Lawrence Floods

In many previous springs Montreal has suffered severe damage and loss by reason of floods. This year, Dr. Howard T. Barnes, ice engineering expert of McGill University, is going to put into effect a plan which, it is hoped, will preclude their recurrence in the future. Dr. Barnes' plan, as we understand it, is, in brief, to make a determined attempt to "burn out" the ice (so to speak) between Montreal and Sorel. For this purpose he intends to use several tons of thermite, which, we gather, is a substance of his own invention, and other heat-generating substances.

The plan to be followed is to reduce the ice sheet over the St. Lawrence, in the main channel between Point aux Trembles and Sorel to a comparatively slight depth, as it appears clear that the floods which have wrought such havoc in the past, during spring-time, in the east end of Montreal, have been due to the tremendous thickness of the ice, along this channel, which has caused the water to back up. In some places it is not uncommon to find ice thirty feet in thickness in the St. Lawrence. This great thickness seriously interferes with the current, and it is this interfering thickness that is to be the target of Dr. Barnes' attack, which is timed to be made some time this February.

The government has made Dr. Barnes a grant of \$60,000 to assist him in his task and its action in so doing has met with general approval. Naturally the experiments that he proposes to carry out have aroused great interest, not only in shipping and engineering circles in Montreal, but also among the many thousands of citizens who are accustomed, each year, as the spring draws near, to view

with a feeling akin to terror the all-too likely possibility of a recurrence of the severe floods that have proved such a menace to them in the past.

Interesting, however, as is Dr. Barnes' plan for preventing the recurrence of the Montreal floods—particularly to residents and property-owners in the very wide district affected—the project that he has in view for keeping the St. Lawrence open all the year round is of even more general concern. That this project is feasible he seems to entertain no doubt. According to him, the essential thing is to prevent ice formation at its source. The formation of ice, as most of us are aware, takes place first in the shallower lake expansions, and this blocks the deeper channels. The scheme that Dr. Barnes would apply to the St. Lawrence would be to canalize these wide and shallow waters—Lake St. Francis, Lake St. Louis and Lake St. Peter—by the building of retaining walls outside the channel, with the object of helping the river to create and maintain a deep and narrow channel which, fed by the warm (or relatively warm!) water from Lake Ontario, would not only prevent the seasonal floods, due to the backing up of the river on account of ice jams, but would also be navigable all the year round.

Public Works Referendum in Montreal

The City of Montreal is to be congratulated on the result of the recent referendum whereby the ratepayers, by a majority of something like two to one, voted in favor of each of the five loans for public works submitted to them by the executive. The need for these particular public works has been pointed out in these columns before today, and it is especially satisfactory that the loan for the building of the much-needed incinerator has been approved. It is to be hoped that the fact that the ratepayers have given their sanction to this very necessary measure of sanitation may be regarded as an augury that the apathy which has, for too long, been a standing reproach to the city, where matters of public sanitation are concerned, is in process of becoming a thing of the past. Another gratifying feature, in connection with the referendum, is that each loan submitted obtained a majority in every ward in the city.

However, as so often, there is a "fly in the ointment." Those voting constituted a ridiculously small proportion of those entitled to do so. It may be that the unfamiliarity of the referendum, as a means of voting for or against civic proposals, accounts, to some extent, for the relatively small number of qualified voters who availed themselves of the opportunity of discharging their duty as citizens. As a matter of fact, the referendum is a highly commendable mode of consulting the citizens on proposed expenditures for specific objects. But it is to be feared that, apart from this matter of unfamiliarity with the mechanism of the referendum, the smallness of the vote is another evidence of that deplorable want of interest in public affairs that is characteristic of so large a proportion of Montreal citizens, and that is, beyond question, accountable for the occurrence, or the glossing over, of more than one flagrant scandal in connection with the civic arena in the past.

The Solitary

BY NATHANIEL A. BENSON

I CAME one day to Bradford
With August in the air;
The flowers danced like fairies
And nodded everywhere.

Above me elm and maple
Were arching low in green,
And from an emerald hill-top
A red low spire was seen,
Half-hidden in the green.

In every hedge and garden
Bright buds and blossoms sweet
Clothed the still vale with magic
For Fancy's wandering feet.

There, far away to southward
Lay counties blue, and cloud;
The silence of late summer,
And golden farmlands proud,
The wind no longer loud.

I wandered through the village,
By narrow leaf-lulled ways,
By garden, tree, and cottage
With none to sing their praise.

On hills the grain lay golden,
The pear-tree's branch hung low—
It seemed I trod a highway
I walked with footstep slow,
With one, so long ago.

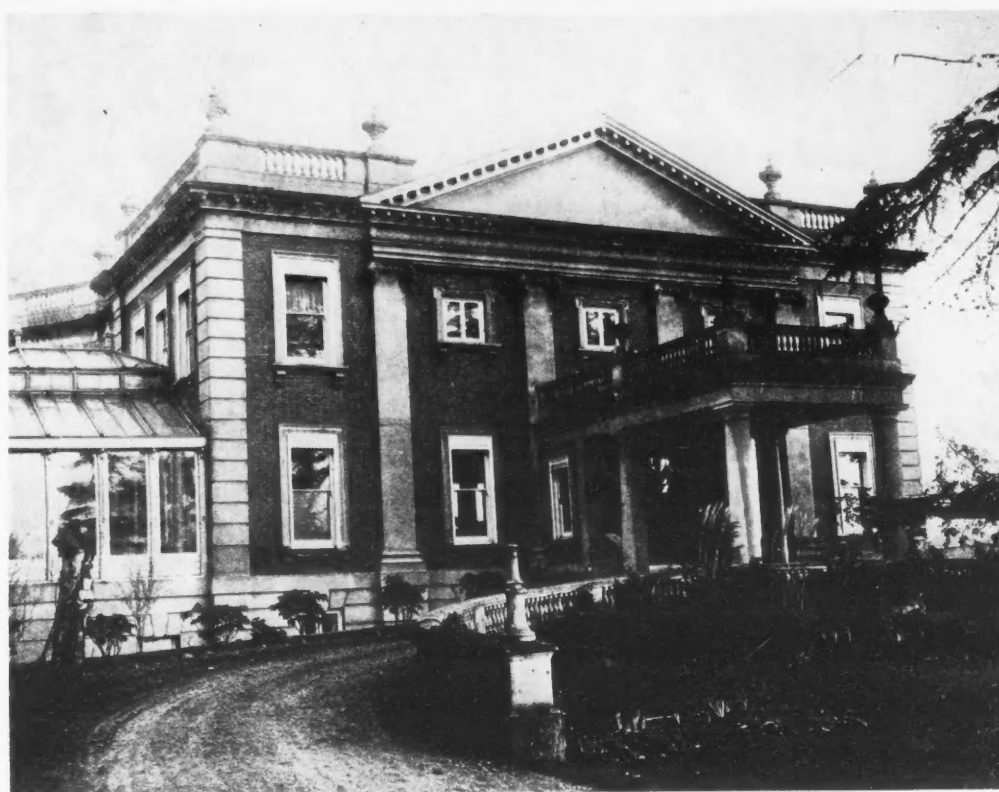
The wind and I were poets,
And once we sang of dawn,
And sang of one so lovely
Forever, ever gone.

A Mexican arrested by the police in New York was found to be unarmed. It was enough to arouse any policeman's suspicions.—Punch.



SIR WILLIAM CLARK

The most recent portrait of the first British High Commissioner to Canada. Sir William is a diplomat of long experience.



SALVATION ARMY WORLD HEADQUARTERS
Sunbury Court, at Sunbury-on-Thames, where recent deliberations of the High Council of the Army on the status of Gen. Bramwell Booth have been in progress.

Getting That Government Job

By A Candidate for One

NO, SIR, never you worry about those government jobs! Such things are not for you or me. If any person flourishes before your eyes one of those lists sent out periodically from Ottawa for the purpose of impressing the electorate, or invites you to scan the alleged "positions" displayed on the wall of the local post office, put him aside gently but firmly, and insist that what is seen is nothing but a mirage—the reflection of an official dream—or in other words, Ottawa going through the motions.

If he insists and wants to know exactly how much you know about it, close the argument by asserting that government jobs are only for the "elect." Then if he persists in wanting to know exactly how you are the "elect," you can tell him that they are persons whose lives are ordered by special dispensation of the Almighty. That should keep him quiet.

To proceed with the story, which up to now may appear to be somewhat pointless. However, it evolves from the fact that I allowed myself to be hypnotised sufficiently by one of these Ottawa "mirages" to apply for a government job. True, never again, at least not if I can help it, but such talk is no excuse for having fallen for the dangled bait. It looked, though, just the sort of thing I fancied for myself. Don't the "endeavour" experts and wise-crackers say that a man should always strive for that which he considers he can do best. Well, here was something which I fancied I could do better than anyone else.

But how to convince the government? I mentioned the matter to several friends, who took up the subject with a zeal that spoke much for their good intentions, even if it proved to be mainly ineffectual.

"You get busy and send in an application," they advised, "then back it up with everything you have got or can think of, and naturally we will do all we can."

Capital advice, no doubt, but you will note that it still left affairs very much in my hands. Still, the first part of the business had to be done anyway, for it was essential that an application, set forth upon the prescribed form, should be forwarded immediately. I learned that the application forms were to be obtained at the post office. This is where the government makes an initial mistake, as it observes no decent reticence or sense of privacy in the handling of these forms. Instead of having them placed in some form of automatic receptacle, which would deliver up upon one speaking the proper word of command, I found that they were kept in the post-master's office. I am not unknown to the post-master, as in various occasions I have been able to assist him and his immediate underlings in conducting their affairs. Therefore they feel quite friendly, in fact, even palish towards me, and are apt to take liberties accordingly. Upon asking for the form it was handed to me with the inquiry—What was I trying to pull off? Did I want to be Premier, or was I trying for the job of envoy plenipotentiary to the Eskimos.

"No," I said, "I have no hankering for high office, but to be located at Ottawa, with the task of refusing all requests from postal officials for increases of salary, would be quite sufficient for me." And with a few more pleasantries, went on my way. I asked myself the question, though, why should these worthy friends have to know my business, it is a serious error on the part of the government.

Having acquired the form, it was duly filled in with all the intimate personal details and family history deemed necessary by the government. As the space allowed for "any other remarks" appeared to be entirely insufficient, I attached several more typewritten sheets with data covering the life and career of the applicant, list of happiest days, favourite ice-cream flavour, and other items likely to make a proper impression. These, together with photographs, and various supplementary documents, were sent off without further delay. Then the follow-up process was commenced with zest, the well-wishers and advisers previously mentioned also rendering assistance.

Meeting one on the street, he confided to me that he knew a man who was great-uncle or god-father to a man who knew the deputy-minister of the particular government department concerned. He believed that this man was living in town. If I could find him he would bring about an introduction, and this man would surely be able to give some pointers as to what might be done to help the business along. I tendered thanks but after reflection, decided that I would hardly spend much time looking for the person in question, who after all did not appear to be quite of the "inner circle."

THEN came a whisper in my ear—"You get the patronage committee to back you up. Bill Jones is the chairman. He knows you, go and see him." Here was a suggestion that might be worth while. For the sake of the uninitiated, a "patronage committee," it should be explained, is something in the class of the dodo, or sea-

serpent, or "modest" flapper, inasmuch as such a thing ain't supposed to exist. If you meet a person, who is presumed to be a member of the committee and offer a tentative remark concerning the committee, and what it might do for you, he will probably look you blankly in the face, and remark in the most disarming manner—

"Really, is that so. Well, I have never heard of such a committee. You must be thinking of the general executive. Now, I can put you in touch with them, gladly."

Such an answer might be given to even one of the same political faith, as everyone is not allowed to be in the know, and the committee like to operate behind the scenes. But if you are an accepted person, well, you are accepted, and allowed to know that such a committee does function. Its duty is to take stock of persons presumed to be of the right political calibre, who have been at service to the "machine," and to recommend them to Ottawa for preferment. The "job" lists are scanned, and names are sent to the members or ministers most closely connected with the constituency or province, and it is their understood task to see that the persons mentioned get consideration. Briefly, a "patronage" committee exists for the purpose of endeavouring to guide government appointments to select persons.

There was quite a touch of pathos in the demeanor of the Chairman when I interviewed him. It appeared that their committee was not functioning as a well-regulated political committee should function. Its members were not in agreement. They had no confidence in their sitting members, and no notice was being taken of their recommendations. As a patronage committee they were a "wash-out." The Chairman visioned the future with a gloomy eye, and remarked that he would call the committee together if I wished, but as notice was not taken of their suggestions, what was the use, and anyway I was just as close to the sitting members as those on the committee and should get in touch with them myself.

I thanked the chairman, suggested that he try to bear up, told him the advice was good, and I would include the besieging of the sitting members as a part of the personal campaign I was to carry on, and departed, convinced that under the circumstances it was more satisfactory to forego the recommendation of at least this particular patronage committee.

For my own follow-up campaign, now to open, I had conceived a thousand and one schemes for attracting attention to myself. Nearly all had to be abandoned, it being urged upon me that when dealing with Ottawa a certain dignity had to be maintained. Personally, I thought they were rather nifty, in view of present day methods of personal advertising and the stunts carried out by some of our best public men. For instance, I proposed to enlist the assistance of friends at Ottawa and have them every few days send up daylight fireworks, such as are used at fetes. The bombs, bursting in the air, would release all over the city a number of messages addressed to the "Hon. — Dept. — of —" and go on to say—"Gus Billings, of Snaphampton, is the man for that job of — in your department. See that he gets it." By the end of the first week the papers would have covered the little sensation good and well, and people would be saying when they heard the bombs—"There goes Gus again and his daily reminder." Then someone would remark with emphasis—"That guy is mighty persistent, he deserves to get that job." Thus the tide of public opinion would swell. The minister would bow his head to vox populi and all that sort of thing and the job would be mine. But my pessimistic friends said—"The only thing you will get will be the police after you." They also said that advice even coming from "above" would be disregarded at Ottawa. Therefore the idea was reluctantly abandoned.

Then again, you will remember that some years ago, the stores and business houses used to give away strips of prepared paper, which when you touched a match to a specified spot, would very slowly and sulphuriously burn out like a fuse, forming letters as it burned out, usually with some advertising message or the picture of some article. I had the idea of sending the minister and everyone else concerned at Ottawa, probably all the members of the House, sheets of similarly prepared paper, blank save for the wording—"Touch a match to this corner."

Here again I was dissuaded, it being argued that there were certain elements of danger, which might result in landing me, not in the job, but in jail. To illustrate his warning, one man related the story of the Calgary city hall reporters, and their little joke which went awry. There was some labour trouble brewing at Calgary at the time, and in consequence the city heads were somewhat agitated and on the alert, as well as being concerned over the general well-being of the city and the protection of the inhabitants. Of course like always happens at such times

(Concluded on page 5)



Spring Shirtings

from Paris

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Never Say Die

ON AN August Bank Holiday three years ago I was watching a crowd of revellers outside one of the historic inns which help to brighten Hampstead Heath. Presiding over a banana stall was a short, sturdily-built little man; who seemed to be driving a brisk trade.

Suddenly, without any warning, a violent dispute broke out between him and a large, truculent-looking coster who was declaring heatedly that he had received the wrong change. The next minute they were squaring up to each other, and following the best traditions of English sport, the rest of us immediately formed a ring.

It was a one-sided affair, for strive as he would, the little man was unable to get to close quarters. Every time he attempted to jump in he was punished unmercifully, but with extraordinary gameness he insisted on keeping up the fight. At last, just when it appeared to be all over, he made a sudden successful dive for his opponent's legs. Down went the coster, half-stunned, and the next thing we saw was the banana merchant sitting astride of him, clutching him by the hair and methodically pommeling his features.

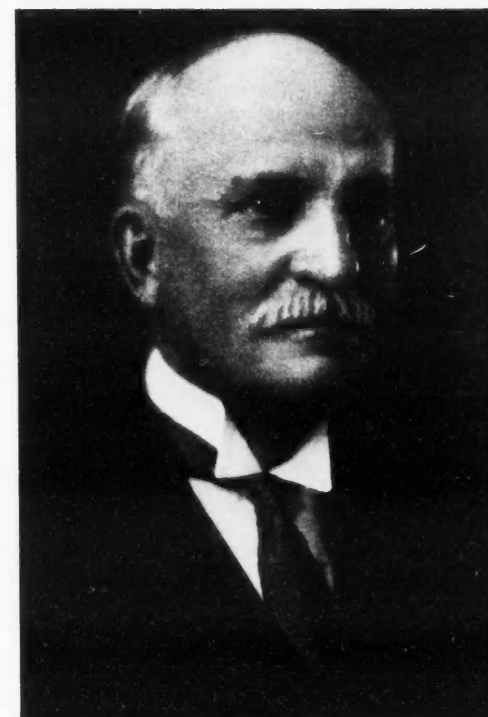
We were looking on with sympathetic approval, when a stout lady burst her way unexpectedly into the ring.

"You brute!" she shouted, brandishing her umbrella. "Let the poor fellow get up."

Pausing in the middle of his operations, the little man raised a puzzled and bloodstained face.

"Let 'im get up!" he repeated. "Why, it's taken me 'alf an hour to knock the blighter down!"

Victor Bridges in "John o' London".



HON. THEODORE A. BURROWS

Who at the time of his recent sudden death was Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. Mr. Burrows was born at Ottawa in 1857 and went to Winnipeg in 1875. He was the very first law student registered in the North West Territories (1877) but entered the lumber business in which he proved a great success in 1879. From 1892 onward he was prominent in politics and sat in both the Manitoba Legislature and in the House of Commons. He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba in 1926.

—Photo by "Who's Who in Canada"



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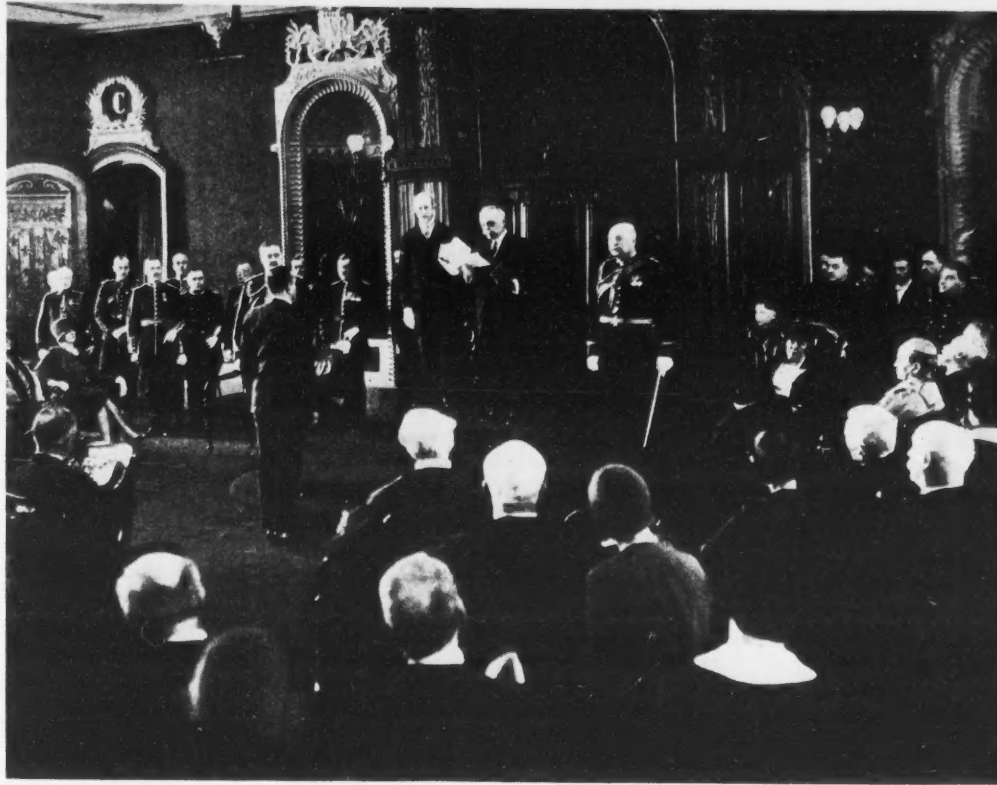
Lennox Robinson in Toronto

By H. C.

THE famous Irish dramatist and director of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, Lennox Robinson paid his first visit to Canada since 1913 recently. His return brought back memories of a riotous night in the old Princess Theatre, Toronto, when a number of wild fellow countrymen of his tried ineffectually to stop a performance of J. M. Synge's drama, "The Playboy of the Western World". At that time Mr. Robinson was business manager of the Irish Players who were presenting the plays of Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory and other luminaries of the Irish Literary Renaissance, in America. "The Playboy" from the night of its production in Dublin, when incensed patriots attempted to wreck the Abbey Theatre, had been a subject of heated controversy, because its plot by no means lent support to the theory that every Irishman is either a saint or a hero in disguise.

On the first night in New York trouble was again raised by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and word was sent to Toronto to file a physical protest against its presentation. Local Irishmen were sharply divided. Those who regarded the unquestionable literary genius of Synge as reflecting glory on Erin were determined that the play should be given. It was a sort of contest between the intellectuals and what used to be called "know-nothings." On the opening night at the Princess Theatre certain individuals of the latter party who entered the theatre were identified by the bulges in their pockets; and the play had not progressed very far when a large ripe tomato was aimed at Fred O'Donovan, since seen here as Mr. Pepsy in "So to Bed", who on this night was playing the title role. Other missiles followed, but it was not necessary for the supporters of Synge to take a hand. In two or three minutes Mr. Robinson was treated to the spectacle of patriots being dragged down the gallery stairs and thrown into the lobby in pairs, their heads being knocked together as an accompaniment. The late O. B. Sheppard, who had spent his boyhood in the lumber regions of the Ontario of sixty years ago, had prepared for war; and with the aid of a half score or so of trusty henchmen had the disturbers out of the theatre in short order.

There were no such blithesome episodes to remind him of home during Mr. Robinson's recent visit to Toronto, when he came as the guest of Prof. A. T. DeLury, Dean of Arts of the University of Toronto, to address an audience in Hart House on "Anglo-Irish Poetry." He is well qualified for the task, because during the past sixteen years he has not only developed into one of the most important



SIR LOMER GOUIN ACCEPTS SEALS OF OFFICE
 Official ceremony in connection with the well known statesman's assumption of office as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

dramatists writing in the English language but has edited a "Golden Treasury of Irish Verse". He is a Cork man, phenomenally slender, and no one would suspect him of being 43 years old. He looks like a studious young college student; his grey eyes gleam with gentle humor behind his spectacles, and he speaks in quiet, dry tones peculiar to a certain type of lean ascetic Irishmen of the South.

By "Anglo-Irish Poetry" Mr. Robinson meant poetry of Irish character and atmosphere written in the English language; as distinguished from the ancient Gaelic poetry which there has been some effort to revive, and which has been an inspiration to many poets who use English speech. He explained that Anglo-Irish poetry is a modern growth, hardly more than a century old because eighteenth century poets like Goldsmith, Swift and Parnell, though Irishmen by birth, took no joy in Irish surroundings, and wrote under purely English inspiration.

Mr. Robinson is a strong champion of Moore, and says his admiration is unaffected by the critical depreciation that for many years has followed the author of "Irish Melodies"—the first genuinely Irish lyrics to be written in the English language. He was most illuminative with regard to the dissolute genius, Clarence Mangan, and a poem of the latter's which he read, "Epitaph on a Nameless One" (really the poet's autobiography) substantiated his claims for Mangan. Early men like Sir Samuel Ferguson, William Allingham and Thomas Davies, who aided in the movement, were also discussed, and Mr. Robinson was especially happy in his citations from later Irish poets of unquestionable lyrical distinction, like W. B. Yeats, Dora Sigerson Shorter, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, and Arthur O'Shaughnessy—to name but a few. Mr. Robinson did not concern himself with love poetry, common to all nations, but with the type of verse which could be written only in Ireland, like the unique patriotic lyrics in which Erin appears under such names as Dark Rosaleen and Kathleen Houlihan; and the wealth of poetry of mysticism and the unseen, which expresses a unique quality of Irish consciousness and temperament.

Seeing the World

ONE DAY, while we were sitting over our beer, I remarked, casually: "If you've been in the Marines, Higgins, I suppose you've seen a good deal of the world?"

He cocked a rather bloodshot eye on me for a moment, and then replied: "I've seen all the world, Mr. Bridges—all the earth and all the sea—the top and the bottom of it."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Mean?" he repeated. "Why, I went down in that blasted Victoria."

"Really?" I exclaimed. "That must have been an interesting experience. What did it feel like?"

He spat in the sawdust. "Rotten," he said. "I was standing on the deck with a mate o' mine, and I see the Camperdown coming right at us. I turns to 'im and I says: 'She's going to run us down, Bill.'"

"'No, she ain't,' he says. 'Yus, she is,' I says. 'She's going to run us down, and I'll get a cold.' 'Cos I always get a cold when I get wet.'"

He paused.

"Go on," I said, encouragingly.

"Well, I was right. In she come, slap, bang, crash, and down we went."

"How far did you go down?" I inquired.

"Miles," he said, "and when I come up the ship was gone. There they was, choking and struggling and drowning all round me, and I says to myself, I says: 'Now I'll 'ave a cold,' and I 'ad—the worst rotten cold I ever 'ad in my life."

Victor Bridges in "John o' London".

A Great Life

By ROGER B. PRIESTMAN

A man who applied for relief to the Ongar Guardians in England was stated to have no occupation except finding lost golf balls and re-selling them:—

I MIGHT have been a chartered

Accountant, or a clerk,

A flunkey, wigged and gartered,

A keeper in the park.

Or 'phonist, saying "Hello!"

In voice refined and mellow,

Were I the kind of fellow

That keeps his talents dark.

The law may seem perfection

To other eyes than mine,

Or fighting an election,

In Parliament to shine;

Though men like "Jix" and "Winnie"

Can turn an honest guinea,

I should have been a nunny

To follow in their line.

I might have tried the driving

Of omnibus or tram,

Or conjuring, trick-diving,

Or being a peram-

Bulating organ grinder,

But fate to me was kinder,

For I'm a golf-ball finder.

Yes, sir, that's what I am!"

The Calgary Albertan

A FEW weeks ago an article on Mr. Charles E. Campbell, the noted newspaper proprietor of the Canadian West, appeared in these columns, wherein it was stated that that gentleman had a proprietary interest in the Calgary "Albertan." Although this was formerly the case it should be stated that Mr. Campbell's financial interest in that publication ceased in July, 1927, when his holdings were purchased by Mr. G. M. Bell, president of the company, which now publishes the "Albertan."

The PASSING SHOW

The chief worry of the world to-day is what the younger generation is coming to. But with the practise of birth control, the chief worry of the world of the future will be where the younger generation is coming from.

The woman who makes up her face lies, but she lies beautifully.

Science is trying to contrive mechanical men who will do exactly what they are told. They are needed, we understand, as husbands and voters.

So far, winter seems in line for the open championship.

In 2029, according to Lord Birkenhead, babies will be born in test tubes. And the society blue-books will contain the names of only those who are the products of the world's very best laboratories.

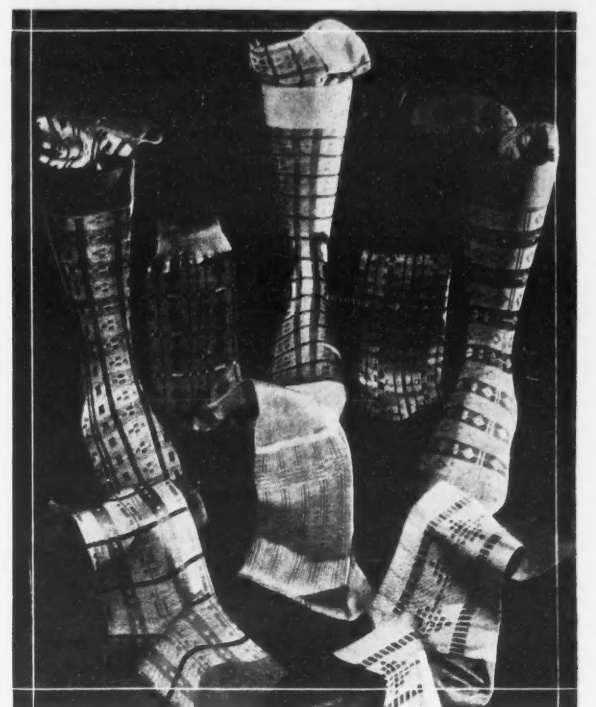
.....when the Cadillacs
 Walk with the Rolls's
 And the Rolls's
 Snub the Ford."

If the United States is really sincere in its desire for the freedom of the seas, the first thing it should do is something about the twelve-mile limit.

Those who claim that the farce-comedy, "Abie's Irish Rose" has run longer than any other, evidently have overlooked prohibition.

If the truth were written about some of these prima donna orchestral leaders, the reviews would read along the following line: M. Elegantsky gave a marvellous performance last night when he conducted the Tschalkowsky Fifth Symphony. M. Elegantsky was suitably accompanied by the orchestra.

Hal Frank



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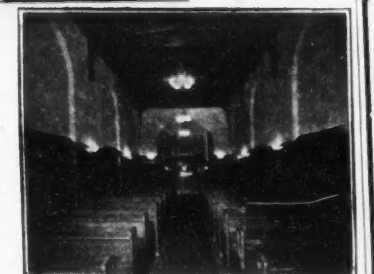
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SEA LANDSCAPE BY GAINSBOROUGH

One of the famous pictures in the Toronto Art Gallery's January loan exhibition of old masters. It is owned by Sir Joseph Duveen, Bart. of New York and London.



THE government has decided to give its approval to the plans of the Beauharnois Light, Heat and Power Company for the diversion for power development of forty thousand cubic feet of water a second out of the two hundred thousand foot flow of the St. Lawrence River above Montreal. Thus is settled the biggest concession contest that has waged in Ottawa since the days of transcontinental railway projects. Frank P. Jones and his associates have won a victory rich in spoils over the Holt interests and other concession seekers, the Quebec section of the government has again demonstrated that it dominates, and lookout men in Toronto skyscrapers have been given further discouragement in their watch for the smoke of ocean liners proceeding up Lake Ontario to the Yonge Street docks.

The order-in-council making operative the Beauharnois company's seventy-five year lease from the Province of Quebec on a large section of the potential wealth of the St. Lawrence has not been passed as this goes into type, but it probably will have been before this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT has reached the press. The decision has been taken. The ministerial goose is in the process of laying and the golden eggs are going into the basket of Messrs. Jones and Company. The public hearing last week by a committee of the cabinet of arguments for and against the scheme was just so much eye-wash; the concession was as good as granted before the hearing took place.

The manner of the transference of this huge piece of the public resources into private hands constitutes the most amazing phenomenon in governmental affairs witnessed in Canada in many years. The ease with which Mr. Jones and his associates have acquired possession of public property capable of producing fabulous wealth, and the alienation of which from national control may have tremendous consequences, would almost put them in a class with Aladdin and the other magicians of old Arabia. When the Siftens a couple of years ago tried to get control of the power resources of the Ottawa River the whole country was rocked in the storm of protest that ensued. Even the Winnipeg Electric Company had more trouble last summer getting its minor concession on the Winnipeg River than the Beauharnois crowd have had in establishing themselves astride Canada's greatest waterway. The circumstances in which the concession is so lightly handed over render the affair the more astonishing. The federal government is battling with the provinces in the courts over the issue as to ownership of the potential power resources of the St. Lawrence, the issue being a most important factor in the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes deep waterway project. And before the issue is determined, and before it is satisfactorily established whether or not the Beauharnois power development will prejudice the waterway plans, the concession is granted. Considerations that hitherto have been regarded as most momentous have been calmly brushed aside to make way for Mr. Jones. One rubs the eyes to make sure one isn't dreaming.

What magic wand does Mr. Jones wield that, almost without protest except that of rival concession seekers, the government should endow him with the untold wealth of the St. Lawrence? Where are the erstwhile guardians of the public domain and the champions of the project for bringing ocean navigation to the head of the Lakes? Not the least astonishing feature of this affair is that some of them have been Mr. Jones' supporters, helping him to persuade the government in his favor.

THAT the concession had to go to somebody, unless the power resources of the St. Lawrence were to remain undeveloped, seems to be accepted. Nobody has suggested that the Dominion should carry the policy of public ownership and operation of utilities to the length of power development, and the Province of Quebec won't make it a provincial undertaking. So the question that required consideration was that as to how this power could be best developed with full protection for the public interests. The major concern in this connection is the deep waterway project. Will the deep waterway project be prejudiced by the Beauharnois diversion? Mr. Jones contends that it will not be, and some of the government's own engineers support him in this. Some other engineers — whose evidence perhaps loses some force by the fact that they are retained by rival power interests — maintain that it will. On the face of it, the Beauharnois scheme is not designed to conform to the waterway plans of the International St. Lawrence Engineering Board. It might be possible to fit it into the waterway undertaking, but the plans would have

one of them the Cedars Rapids Company which already has many millions invested in the St. Lawrence — offered, if given the concession, to carry out the power development in conformity with the plans for the waterway.

Even engineers are vague on this most important question as to the effect of the Beauharnois development on the waterway project. It seems to be a question difficult of determination. And the course taken by the government is open to attack in that it is placing the Beauharnois company in operative possession of a large part of the flow of the St. Lawrence without having satisfactorily determined this question. It hasn't considered whether the development of power might not be proceeded with by private interests in a manner that would conform to the plans for the waterway. Mr. Jones was in a hurry to get his concession and the government is accommodating him, not bothering to ascertain whether or not some other scheme would better serve the public interests in respect both of power and the waterway. The water will now be diverted, obstructions will be erected in the river, and when the time comes to consider the waterway scheme more seriously it will be seen whether or not it has been blocked.

The attitude of the government in regard to this question, as it was revealed at the public hearing on the Beauharnois application, merits attention. It is definitely on record. At this hearing the application was opposed by the Dominion Marine Association and a number of rival groups of power interests over whom Beauharnois had a lead with its legislation from Quebec. Although the case was thus largely between contending concession seekers, the opponents of the application found it expedient to base their arguments on the navigation factor, demanding consideration for the waterway project. The would-be concessionaires were assuming, as the public has assumed, that the government's first concern would be the safeguarding of the waterway plans. How astonishing was it, therefore, to find two of the three ministers who conducted the hearing protesting against anything being said about the possible effect of the Beauharnois development on the waterway plans! Mr. Cardin, who is known to favor Beauharnois, and Mr. Elliott, who is understood to have held out against it for some time, were almost equally frank in this. Mr. Cardin, "speaking for the government," declared his determination not to listen to anything about the deep waterway, while Mr. Elliott took the ground that the application must be considered only in regard to immediate questions of navigation and that the waterway must be excluded. In brief, they plainly announced that the government would not consider the interests of the public in the waterway scheme in dealing with the Beauharnois concession. The more enthusiastic supporters of the waterway should not find themselves alone in challenging that attitude. Even those who hold that there is no occasion for rushing into an international undertaking for opening the Lakes to ocean ships will feel that reasonable care should be taken to avoid the permanent obstruction of the project.

Regardless of the source of the opposition to the Beauharnois application, it brought out a sufficient question as to the possibility of the waterway plans being prejudiced to have warranted very careful study of the matter. With the concession granted, such study will be too late.

IF ONE cares to join with the ministers of the crown in their strange indifference to the fate of the deep waterway scheme and at the same time harken to the enthusiastic predictions of Mr. Jones regarding his concession, one can be cheerful about it. Mr. Jones envisions wondrous results from this power development on the St. Lawrence. He pictures factories going up by the score, attracted by the electric power. An industrial development involving the investment of a hundred and fifty millions of new capital! He says that if these factories do not come voluntarily, he will bring them, and he claims to have arranged already for a large initial installment of them. It is to be remembered in this connection that Mr. Jones is not an unknown quantity as a promoter and organizer. He has a record of achievement behind him, one not inconsiderable item in which was his production of munitions in large quantities and at low cost during the war — an accomplishment that saved the British government a lot of money. British capitalists and industrialists are displaying some interest in the industrial prospects of the Beauharnois development, and Lord Melchett of Mond Nickel is



SYLVAN BEAUTY IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

The above picture shows a stream which crosses the Ferguson Highway, a few miles south of Temagami Station. —Photo by Ontario Tourist and Publicity Bureau.

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to be altered. At least two other groups of interests — said to be among them.

If Mr. Jones goes through with his plans, Montreal, already a happy city, undoubtedly will achieve a large and rapid expansion in population and prosperity. The prospects of benefit from the Beauharnois concession may be counted now, while the future is left to reveal any evil consequence that may accrue.

THE parliamentary "battle of the century" would seem to be on the tapis for the session opening on the seventh. It will be waged around the branch lines programmes of the two railway systems. Much as the public may deplore rivalry of this kind between the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, being interested in the success of both, the struggle now appears to be inevitable. The railway committees of the Commons and the Senate will act as referees. Some people think it should be the function of the Minister of Railways to bring the two companies together and attempt to adjust their differences, but Mr. Dunning gives no indication of intending to do this. Sir Henry Thornton has already called the Minister as a witness for the Canadian National in the court of public opinion, reminding the public of Mr. Dunning's pronouncements against undue competition between the two systems. Sir Henry regards the plans of the C. P. R. for extensions in certain districts of Northern Saskatchewan and Northern Manitoba as undue prospective competition, while Mr. Beatty protests that the National had not registered claims to the territory before the C. P. R. made known its plans. In both Houses of Parliament there are groups of members who are definitely partial in the attitude toward the two systems, and their partiality will be a factor in the railway committees. The important question is whether the impartial members will be in a sufficient majority to assure of fair treatment for both companies. The C. P. R. has something of an advantage at the outset in the fact that parliament has only to give it authority for its extensions whereas the Canadian National must also secure its capital through parliament.

DURING the past seven years the Senate has rejected a number of government measures passed by the Commons, and Mr. King made political capital from time to time out of the actions of the elder statesmen, charging the Conservative majority in the Upper House with block-

ing the progressive policies of the administration. If the Prime Minister were still enthusiastic about the measures thus rejected, he would have opportunity of making progress this session. The Conservative majority in the Red Chamber has disappeared, the death of Senator Ross having evened up the score. When the vacancies are filled there will be forty-eight Conservatives, forty-seven Liberals and one Progressive who sits with the Liberals. But the fact is that the Prime Minister's charge against the Tory senators was never quite just, for some of the Liberals were among the strongest opponents of his legislation in the Upper House. The Senate votes are seldom on strictly party lines. It is not now expected that Mr. King will recall his one-time much-exploited ambition to reform the Senate.

MISS McPHAIL, who is to move in the Commons that one dollar be spent on peace propaganda for every hundred dollars spent on military purposes, is to have some competition in her ambition to ensure the peace of the world. Descendants, perhaps, of the "Three Tailors of Tooney Street," two tailors and a seamstress of Calgary have been granted incorporation by the Secretary of State as a society for promoting peaceful feelings among Canadians. They are to have some such title as crusaders of the white plume.

Asking Like a Lady

ON ONE occasion in those free and far off days I was having a final drink just after midnight, when the door of the pub opened, and an elderly woman in rusty black sidled unobtrusively into view. She advanced towards the bar in a slightly unsteady fashion, and then pulling herself together, observed with considerable dignity: "A small gin — hic — hif you please."

The potman eyed her coldly. "You've had enough to-night," he said. "You shove off 'ome."

Without a word the visitor ambled back to the door, where she paused for a moment with her hand on the knob.

"Ha!" she remarked, bitterly. "That comes of harsking for it like a lady."

Victor Bridges in "John o' London".

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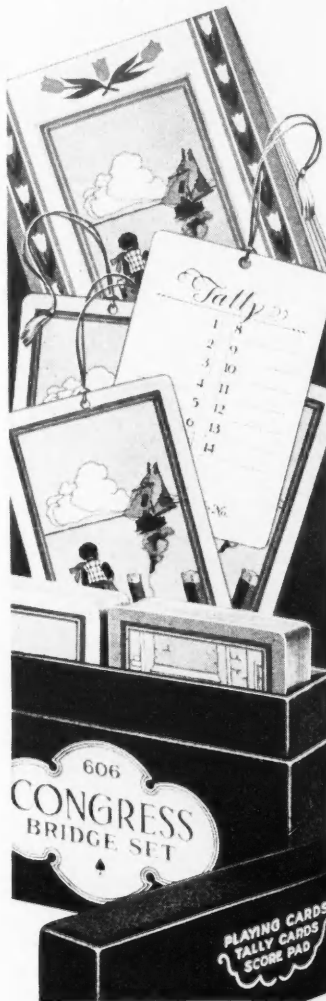
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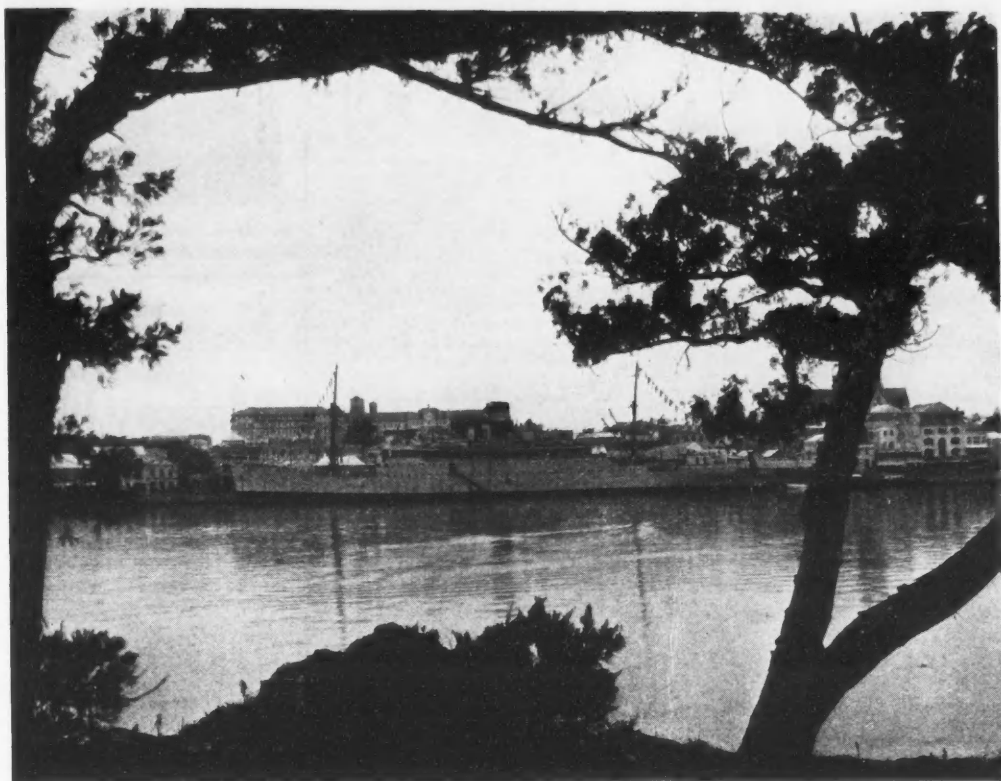
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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



NEW CANADIAN LINER AT HAMILTON, BERMUDA
The above picture shows the "Lady Nelson" of the Canadian National Steamships West Indies' service in harbor at the capital of Bermuda during her first voyage in December.

Yuletide Festival in Evergreen City

By R. J.

VICTORIA, the capitol city of British Columbia, with its charming situation and environment so characteristic of Old England recently concluded a two weeks' Yuletide Festival which, while primarily in the nature of an experiment, proved to be more than passing interest so far as the development of music and dramatic art in Canada is concerned.

The evergreen city was in its best Christmas dress and made an ideal setting for the event. The very atmosphere breathed the spirit of the greatest of all festive seasons.

The programmes of this celebration which began Dec. 22 last and terminated January 5 of this new year were sponsored by the musical department of the C. P. R. under the direction of Harold Eustace Key and Harry Smith, the latter being in charge of dramatic productions. It was a new experience for the Victorians and that the outcome will bear good fruit in the days to come seems reasonable.

The significant missionary work now being carried on in other parts of Canada by the big transportation system for the cultural development of this country, if one is to judge from success of festivals conducted by it during the past two years, must be accepted as evidence that we are on the way to better things as regards recognition of the finer arts.

Viewing in calm perspective the scene from Victoria harbour on the opening evening of the Yuletide festival immediately in front of the Empress Hotel appropriately illuminated for the occasion, the Parliament Buildings with a towering Christmas tree as sentinel to the left, holly trees with multi-colored lights interwoven therein, one faced a highly picturesque scene.

Renewed interest in the mediaeval forms of celebrations was provided in the performance of the Nativity play of the Chester Mysteries so beautifully written by a monk of Chester Abbey, Randall Higden 600 years ago. This took place in the little theatre of the Crystal Gardens adjoining the Empress Hotel and was directed by Major Bullock-Webster who had for the members of the cast a number of his talented students.

While the majority of the players were obviously lacking in stage experience it must be said they gave an altogether impressive and reverent reading of their lines. The unfamiliar texture of the dialogue was uncommonly well elucidated while the action generally proceeded with uniform smoothness.

By way of variety to the performance a number of appropriate vocal interludes were expressively rendered by a quartette of competent singers comprising Mary Frances James, soprano, Miss Josephine Wood, contralto, Herbert Hewetson, tenor and Harold Eustace Key, bass. The incidental instrumental background composed for the occasion by Dr. Healey Willan, Toronto, was effectively projected by a quintette of gifted string players.

Contrasting sharply with the Nativity play was the performance of "Mrs. Wardle's Christmas Party," adapted from Charles Dickens' immortal Pickwick Papers and depicting a typical Christmas of the Victorian era. This was also given in the Crystal Garden theatre and created considerable interest.

Special mention must be made with regard to the musical programmes of the festival. The singers hereinbefore noted earned much favor for their artistic singing of familiar Christmas carols and selections from Handel's Messiah.

In a Sunday evening concert devoted to Handel's music Miss James made excellent use of a charming voice in the buoyant "Rejoice Greatly" while the singing of Miss Wood in "Oh Thou That Telles" touched a responsive chord. Mr. Hewetson's attractive tenor voice found ample scope for its resources in a thoroughly inspiring rendering of the recit and air "Comfort Ye" and "Every Valley."

A variety of well chosen numbers by the Empress Hotel orchestra rounded out the festive celebrations.

Hon. James A. Robb

BY P. W. LUCE

HON. JAMES A. ROBB, minister of finance, is a hard man to convince when he doesn't want to be convinced—and that happens fairly frequently.

When he visited the Pacific Coast on the occasion of the Victoria by-election held to name a representative to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of the Hon. Simon F. Tolmie from federal politics, Mr. Robb was called upon to squelch a persistent rumor that income tax was about to be abolished. Far from that being the case, he said, there are many young men in Canada who have not yet started paying income tax, but who will die of old age long before it is economically possible to dispense with that unpleasant levy.

Some of the prominent British Columbians who met Mr. Robb tried hard to convince him that the heavy tax imposed on the wealthy classes should be substantially reduced. The arguments they advanced sounded logical and convincing to themselves, but not to Mr. Robb.

"I should say he's from Missouri!" complained one of those in reporting failure to one of his associates. "That man won't believe anything he hears and only half of what he sees. Why, when I was showing him around I thought I'd put in a bit of a boost for our mild climate, and so I pointed out to him some sheep grazing in an open field."

"There, Mr. Robb," I said, "There's something you wouldn't see in the east. Here we are in November, and that flock of sheep has been shorn only recently. Their owner doesn't have to worry about their catching cold out here."

"Yes, they seem to be fairly comfortable," admitted Mr. Robb, almost reluctantly. "And they've certainly been shorn recently—on this side, at least!"

Getting That Government Job

(Continued from page 2)

there were vague rumours of possible violence. Nothing was happening, however, and so the reporters, to vary the monotony, thought they would introduce a little of the dramatic. So they fixed up a fake bomb, with fuse all set and lit, and creeping up to the mayor's chamber, cautiously opened the door and tossed in the infernal machine. The mayor was receiving a caller at the time, and in all honour to civic dignity and pride, it must be recorded that his worship bravely stood his ground. The caller, so the story goes, went through or out of the window, which may have been open at the time. It was quite a drop to the ground level and he did not get off entirely without injury. As the result the perpetrators of the jest were visited with great civic displeasure, and had a rather unpleasant time. None of the papers carried the story, but its genuineness is vouched for. It was related to the writer by an ex-mayor of Calgary.

ANYTHING in the way of what I deemed would be most successful stunts being thus thoroughly discouraged, I had perforce, to settle down to a plain and fancy bombardment by short and long-distance correspondence, with a few point-blank shots in the way of the interviews. When I say short and long-distance correspondence, I mean that a definite theory was being followed. It was possible to deluge the minister and other officials at Ottawa with letters from one particular district, all testifying to my wonderful qualities, charming personal appearance, and wonderful character and disposition, but I held that this general appreciation should, if possible, take on a national character. The effect, I concluded, would be more telling if some person more or less in the public eye, wrote a letter from Toronto, and this was followed up by another letter from a different person in Vancouver, then other letters came along from Winnipeg, Calgary and Halifax. The effect of these epistles arriving from all points of the compass would be cumulative and very impressive. Why, they must say, this man is known from one end of the Dominion to the other. The plan worked all right, friends proved plastic, and their epistles to the minister and the head of the Civil Service Commission were most agreeable and flattering. No chances were neglected, where the good word might be secured, and of course, the help of the ladies was sought. One lady, whose prominence in our national life has placed her in line for the Senate, but has not detracted from her kindness of heart, opened a long-distance battery from Seattle, where she happened to be staying at the time. I should say, that knowing all government appointments are presumed to be controlled by the civil service commission, the head of that body was made a target, in addition to the minister connected with the department.

Then this special stuff was backed up with salvoes from the "home" district, consisting of letters from individuals, societies, associations, provincial and municipal authorities. Nothing was overlooked that might possibly make a dent in the Ottawa defences.

Furthermore, real Parliamentarians, by this I mean real live members, interviewed the minister and head of the Civil Service Commission, said their piece, and were received very graciously. It was now going on for some six weeks or more since the applications had to be sent in, and the only intimation from Ottawa was a note acknowledging its receipt. All the time a stream of correspondence had been flowing towards Ottawa, keeping the applicant's name before the authorities.

Finally one of the government members who had interviewed the minister busied himself to ascertain what had been decided. After a while he received this reply—

"Dear Mr. —, I have to inform you that Mr. —, has been appointed to the position of — in the Dept. of —. He was strongly recommended by the Minister, and has been filling the post temporarily during the last three months."

To be exact, then, the appointment was made before the position was advertised!

No, I am not trying to argue that I should have been awarded the post. It is too obvious that government jobs are only for the "elect."



THE TRUCE Size: 18" H. x 15" W.
Oil on canvas. Signed lower right.

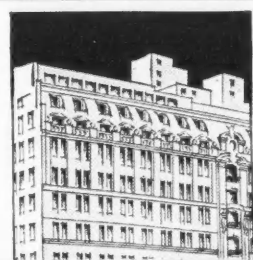
MEISSONIER, Jean Louis Ernest, born in Lyons, Feb. 21st, 1815. Gentle painter went in 1830 to Paris where he was for four months the pupil of Leon Cogniet, but formed himself chiefly by studying the works of the old masters, especially of the Dutch School. He first became known as an illustrator of such books as PAUL & VIRGINIE, etc., but soon began a series of masterpieces on a small scale, whose wonderful finish, marked character, and peculiar individuality have made his name famous in every part of the civilized world. His first exhibited picture was THE VISITORS, 1834. Medals: 3rd class, 1840; 2nd class, 1841; 1st class, 1842, 1848; Chevalier of the French Legion of Honour, 1846; Officer, 1856; Commander, 1867, and Grand Officer in 1878. Medals of Honour, 1855, 1867, 1878. Member of Institute, 1861. Munich Academy, 1867. Honorary member of the Royal Academy, London, and other Academies.

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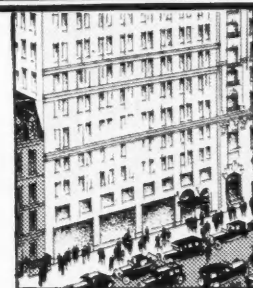


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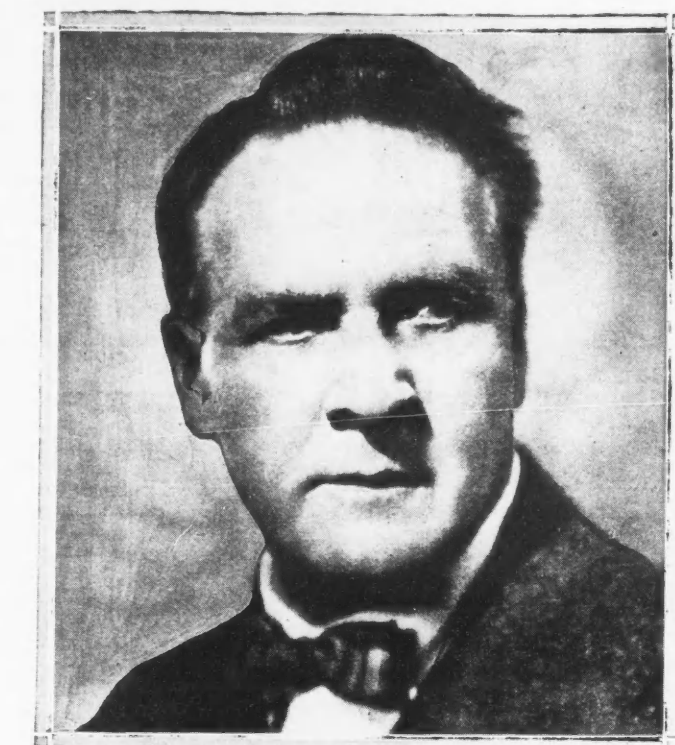
Praque Teachers' Choir—American Opera Company—Jascha Heifetz—Austral and Kochanski—Other Events

Praque Choristers
Superb
Local lovers of choral music have seldom enjoyed so thrilling an experience of brilliant and musically singing as at concert of the Prague Teachers' Chorus at Massey Hall on Jan. 16th. At a time when male choruses or "maennerchors" were very numerous on this continent the late James Gibbons Huncker alluded to one of them as composed of "maennerchors" and that brilliant term assuredly applies to the sixty members of the great chorus from the capital of Czechoslovakia. Prague has for centuries been one of the great musical centres of Europe and has given many notable singers and violinists to the world at large. Music has long played an integral part in the education of the Czechs or Bohemians; it is part of their cultural and national life. To be a teacher in Prague signifies the possession of musical knowledge, and in addition good voices of every register seem to be comparatively common there.

The Prague Teachers' Chorus was founded by the late Prof. Spilka in 1908 not only to present national music in the most effective manner, but to educate the people of Czechoslovakia in the best choral music of other lands. Naturally in coming to America under the auspices of their national government they confine their programmes to their own music in order that we may become familiar with its beauties. But those who, like the writer, heard them sing Brahms "Lullaby" in private are well aware that their accomplishments are not limited to interpreting native music. As early as 1912, when the Teachers' Chorus was but four years old, the late Dr. A. S. Vogt, founder of the Mendelssohn Choir, heard it sing both at Prague and at an International Choral Festival in Paris, and wrote at length on its performance in SATURDAY NIGHT as the best choral achievement he had encountered in Europe. Since then they have developed a noble tradition, and are now conducted by a brilliant musician, Prof. Metod Dolezil of the State Conservatory, pupil of the founder, Prof. Spilka.

The adjective "orchestral" occurred at once to every musical person who heard their singing at Toronto. The superb quality of every voice, each a highly trained and sympathetic musical instrument, amply justified the comparison, and Prof. Dolezil literally plays on them like Stokowski, for instance, upon the Philadelphia Orchestra, exacting the most exquisite effects in pianissimo and diminuendo and the most stirring ones in forzando and fortissimo. This perfection is achieved by the fact that the passing of the voice test is not alone sufficient to secure membership in the Chorus. The applicant goes through a preliminary course in solfeggio and sight-reading before he is deemed sufficiently equipped to take his place in the ranks. It will be noted moreover that, marvellous as its technical equipment the chorus is never used for mere showy effects; it is purely interpretative at all times. The color, shading and variety of its tone and production are amazing.

Those who heard this concert without carefully examining the translations provided, missed a great deal. They were no doubt enchanted with the volume, beauty, delivery and flexibility of the tone achieved, but they missed the intellectual and poetic appeal of the phrasing. Czech national music is by nature romantic and emotional, racy of the soil and covers a wide range of subject. Perhaps the most astonishing number was an example of modernism in choral expression, "Ostrava," by



FEODOR CHALIAPIN
The eminent basso, who will be presented by the Canadian Concert Bureau at Massey Hall on February 1st.

Jan Kunc, director of the State Conservatory at Brno, Moravia, who sets to music the revolutionary lyrics of the Silesian national poet, Petr Bezruc. In this work the proletariat is symbolized as the miner who works in the depths of the earth and rises to the surface when the mine bursts into flames. It is grim music, full of energy and raucous cries and was sung with electric effect. But the Teachers' Chorus sang many numbers in a gentler vein. Many of them were by J. B. Foerster, who has devoted his life to promoting capella music in his country. We know Bedrich Smetana better, but as an operatic and orchestral composer. In his own land he was a great advocate of capella music also, and his "Song of the Sea" was one of the most brilliant achievements of the evening. In sheer loveliness Foerster's "On the Field Path" descriptive of a maiden's burial with basses simulating the tolling of bells would be difficult to surpass. Another charming number was Fricka's "Evening Star", the dialogue of two lovers trying to say good night to each other, in which the high tenors achieved profoundly sweet feminine quality without resorting to falsetto. Dvorak was naturally not neglected, and in one or two folk songs on dance rhythms of gypsy coloring, a remarkable vocal effect as of a tambourine was introduced as an accompaniment. Few of us expect to hear male chorus singing so remarkable again.

Mozart's
"Marriage of Figaro"
present fortnight's engagement of the Royal Alexandra Theatre of the American Opera Company is Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro". None of the produc-

tions is more significant of the high aesthetic purposes of Vladimir Rosing and his associates. Familiar on the concert stage as are the Overture and several of the vocal numbers, the work in its operatic form has not been seen in Toronto in the present century, though fairly well known to the grandfathers of the present generation. Neglect has been due in part to economic reasons, for the work demands a very large cast of unusually competent vocalists, possessing also that grace and ease of movement which is indispensable to the proper representation of the elegances of courtly comedy in the eighteenth century. Artistically, therefore, it is as severe a test of a young organization as could be conceived; a test which has been met triumphantly.

The work was first produced in Vienna on May 1st, 1786, at the instance of Emperor Joseph of Austria, an ardent patron of operatic music. Probably no first night audience, has at any time included more distinguished composers. In addition to Mozart himself there were present Gluck, Haydn and Paisiello, whose fame has survived, as well as lesser men, equally eminent at the time, like Stephen Storace (an Englishman), Antonio Salieri, Vincenzo Ricci and Pasquale Anfossi. Two singers in the original performance were from the British Isles, one the brilliant London soprano, Ann Selma Storace, and the other the Irish singer Michael Kelly, friend of Sheridan, and author of Memoirs in which he gives a lively account of the preparations for "Figaro." Early in the performance there was a row among the singers which threatened the success of the opera. Between the first and second acts Mozart was obliged to go to the box of the Emperor and complain; and the refractory singers were ordered to behave themselves on pain of the Imperial displeasure. Modern impresarios most profoundly envy conditions which accorded so ready a court of appeal.

Mozart, who had but five years more of his brief life before him, was dissatisfied with the rewards of his labors and seriously contemplated going to reside in London, the home of his friends the Storaces. Who knows but if he had done so he would have avoided the worries which hastened him to the grave? The work itself was composed at very high tension during April, 1786, and it speaks marvels for his industry that it was ready by May 1st. The glorious finale of the second act, containing six great musical episodes, occupied him for two nights and a day, during which he wrote without intermission. With him haste did not mean slovenly work for as his biographer, Edward Holmes, has said: "What the lyric drama gained by this opera in elegance of melody, in models of love songs, in rich concerted music, and varied finales, we are now well able to determine. While all the popular melodies of the comic operas coeval with 'Figaro' (tunes which were regularly transferred from the theatre to the street musicians) are lost, not a note of that composition has faded; and when reproduced it still finds as many admirers as a comedy of Shakespeare. The combination of playfulness and grace which predominates in it, imparts to 'Figaro', according to some critics, a more decided Mozartian character than any other of his works."



DR. ERNEST MacMILLAN
Who conducts the Pied Piper of Hamelin, which is being done by the Toronto Conservatory Choir, and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, at Massey Hall on Tuesday, January 29.

MAURICE COLBOURNE
and His London Company
In the Comedies of
George Bernard Shaw
John Bull's Other Island Candida
You Never Can Tell Fanny's First Play
Dark Lady of the Sonnets
JANUARY 28—ST. CATHARINES GRIFFIN'S
JANUARY 29—WOODSTOCK CAPITOL
JANUARY 30—SARNIA IMPERIAL
JANUARY 31—BRANTFORD TEMPLE
FEBRUARY 1—KINGSTON GRAND
FEBRUARY 4—TORONTO ROYAL ALEXANDRA

Mendelssohn Choir Concerts
DR. H. A. FRICKER, CONDUCTOR
Massey Hall, February 7, 8, 9
With the
CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

February 7 The Choir and Orchestra, assisted by Mme. Elisabeth Rethberg, the great dramatic Soprano.

February 8 Wolf-Ferrari's The New Life for Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra.

Soloists:
ELISABETH RETHBERG and FRASER GANGE
A group of Canadian Folk-Songs and Bach's Solo Cantata by Mme. Rethberg.

February 9 2.15, Orchestral Matinee.
February 9 8.15, The Choir and Orchestra and Fraser Gange, Baritone.

Prices, \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.50, plus tax.

Subscription Lists now open at Massey Hall and the Music stores or with members of the Committee and Chorus from whom full information can be obtained or by addressing T. A. Reed, Secretary, at the University of Toronto.

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Invitations available at the Conservatory.

Rambling Notes of an Advertising Man

Writing advertising is as fascinating a job as getting and writing a good news story. I know, having done both.

I have never written an advertisement that somebody couldn't find or hasn't found fault with. On one occasion two men called me out of bed in the early morning to condemn an advertisement I had written; later, others telephoned to praise it. So there you are.

There is no formulae for creating good advertising. Anybody may turn out a few good advertisements, but it takes training in the art and the craft, plus some natural aptitude for the job (selling instinct if you like) to do good work continuously. Art, to say what should be said with conviction and brevity; craft, to display it to advantage in a limited space and to attract the attention of the right people. Anybody can be bold on a full page—which may be turned over.

The way I go about writing copy is first, to decide who the advertising is designed to reach. It's sheer waste to attract the attention of the WRONG people. Let me illustrate:

A few years ago a competitor made a high pressure canvass on one of my customers. The customer called me over to his office and said, "Scissors and Paste say they can do so and so. The proposition looks too good to us to turn down." I said, "All right. I can't do it, but if they can, they certainly deserve your account." So I turned over all my customer's newspaper space contracts to Scissors and Paste and they went ahead.

This is what happened.

Scissors and Paste produced large space copy with big illustrations and offered a handsome booklet for nothing (the booklets cost about 30c each). They put a coupon in the advertisement to make it easy for people to answer. Result—hundreds of inquiries. Splendid. Inquiries then turned over to salaried salesmen (not commission men) to follow up. Salesmen discovered inquiries were school children and professional advertisement answerers of the "something for nothing" type. This went on for two months. Meantime the advertiser had spent about six times his normal monthly appropriation and his salesmen had wasted valuable time and considerable money following up duds.

The business came back to me.

Apart from mail order and retail advertising, if the average advertiser checked up sales directly traceable to his advertising and balanced the profit on them against the cost of advertising, he would never spend a penny on publicity. Nevertheless, canvassers for all kinds of advertising media still have the nerve to talk about "the results" advertisers will get from using their media. Rubbish!

Have you ever written to a soap manufacturer to tell him that henceforth you are going to use his soap? It's the long, steady pull that does it.

If you haven't the wherewithal to keep on advertising don't start. Or, to put it another way, it's better to do a modest amount of advertising in a limited area and keep at it and expand as your business warrants, rather than try and spread out all over the Dominion and exhaust your money before the advertising has had time to take effect. Nobody's going to stand up and cheer just because you start advertising.

But you can start in a small way. For example: Ten years ago I took on a small account and gave the advertiser three months' dating on a \$1,000 expenditure in order to do some particular advertising in a limited territory at a psychological time. Over a period of years that customer grew to spend about \$40,000 a year for publicity, and every dollar was earned out of profits from the steady growth of the business. But if you asked me to name one piece of advertising in one medium that sold 25c worth of his product I couldn't do it, neither could he. All we know is that the business has grown rapidly whereas before the advertising was started, it had hardly crept. Maybe it wasn't the advertising at all—perhaps it was luck. Just plain good luck for both of us.

Let me give you another example.

Many investors buy new securities not because they are capable of analyzing the financial prospectus of a new issue, but because they have confidence in the reputation of the Investment Bankers offering it. Why have they this confidence? They couldn't tell you, perhaps, but over a period of years they have seen and read some of that Investment Banker's advertising and its name has become associated in their minds with sound investments. So when they have funds to invest, they reason that if the particular security then being offered wasn't sound, that firm of bankers wouldn't be offering it. True, a salesman for the bankers may make the sale, and perhaps never even think that his firm's advertising has had anything to do with it. And the buyer himself won't mention it. But advertising is partly responsible just the same.

Sometimes I am asked how it is that firms can afford to spend tens of thousands of dollars advertising a five, ten or twenty-five cent article. They can't trace direct returns. I answer by this illustration: Years ago I read one of Jim Henry's advertisements for Mennen's Shaving Cream. I bought a tube and have been buying and using it ever since. Here's a better one. When we first came to Toronto an order was telephoned for bread to a baker then advertising. There were only two of us then. Now there are nine people eating bread in my house every day. So figure how much business that baker has had over a period of seventeen years from one answer to that advertisement.

Beware of catch words such as consumer demand, dealer influence, dominance, merchandising and the like, used by people who have advertising to sell. The smaller their knowledge of advertising, the more they use them. It is a pity that this should be so—but it is.

Sometimes I feel like explaining to a prospective customer that I am a business man first and an advertising counsellor afterwards. At any rate, I don't let my experience with successful and unsuccessful advertising befog my business judgment.

If you are of a mind to discuss your 1929 advertising plans with me, with a view to doing business, I shall be pleased to wait upon you—by appointment.

330 BAY STREET,
TORONTO
Phone:
ADelaide 6222-6207

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Counsellor

MUSIC and DRAMA

which Rossini immortalized with music thirty years later, much less refined and beautiful than that of Mozart. Most music lovers are familiar with the latter work in which the romance of Count Almaviva's courtship of Rosina, aided by the tricks of the barber, Figaro, is related. In "The Marriage of Figaro" romance has become reality. The Count, now wedded, devotes himself to the pursuit of the young women of his household. As the story opens the object of his pursuit is Barberina, the gardener's daughter. But here he has a persistent rival in the frolicsome page, Cherubino, whom he seeks to banish to the army. Susanna, his wife's maid, is also an object of his desires, although she is to marry Figaro, who has entered his service. In this case the Count expects to use the poor fellow as a blind and exercise "le droit de seigneur." Through four romping acts Almaviva's licentious intentions are frustrated, and the last takes place in semi-darkness in the garden where everyone is on cross purposes and equivocal reigns supreme. The Rosina of "The Barber of Seville" and of "The Marriage of Figaro" are different beings; the one a hopeful, happy lass, the latter a disillusioned wife, to whom Mozart has allotted some of his most tender and serious music. The indebtedness of several of the modern theatrical satirists like Gilbert, Shaw and Oscar Wilde, to Beaumarchais, is notorious, and one episode especially—Figaro's discovery that Dr. Bartolo and the old housekeeper, Marcellina, are his parents has furnished inspiration to all three playwrights.

Mr. Rosing in his production has exquisitely preserved the rococo courtly atmosphere of this great classic. The decorative scheme of black, white, silver with an occasional touch of old gold is gracious and lovely. One of the happiest thoughts is that of placing the garden scene, which concludes the opera, in one of those small temples of Eros which figure so frequently in eighteenth century painting. Those who have seen recent presentations of "The Marriage of Figaro" in Paris find that of Mr. Rosing superior in beauty, taste and excellence of detail. The conducting of Frank St. Leger in the first performance was in the highest degree effective and fascinating, marked by a delicious flowing elegance and rhythmic singing cast was not only of fine vocal quality but surprisingly easy in bearing.

The role of Figaro himself is not nearly so amusing a character in the Mozart work as in Rossini's, the chief comic character being the Page Cherubino, who does not appear in "The Barber of Seville." Nevertheless the part calls for singing ability of a high order and was rendered with much charm and vocal finesse by Howard Laramy, a young bass-baritone with a voice of smooth and beautiful quality. Another baritone of magnificent quality and considerable comic ability was Mark Daniels, the Almaviva. Among the men probably the finest characterization was that of John Moncrieff and the beauty and nobility of his voice were apparent at all times. Only minor roles are allotted to the tenor voice, but Frederic Roberts as Basilio revealed tones of a delightful lyric quality. The women of this cast were a continual delight. Cecile Sherman, who played the role of Cherubino, is a capital comedienne with an instinctive sense of humor which made everything she did captivating; and she is also a singer of exquisite quality, whose pure, warm, and rippling tones were always delightful. The mastery of the legato style which she and all the principals displayed spoke volumes for their training. The Suranna was an exquisitely graceful and engaging young singer, Mignon Spence, with a high soprano voice of smooth and memorable quality. A third leading soprano was Thelma Votipka, who sang the role of Countess Rosina. She is an artist of high distinction and her singing of the celebrated "Voi che Sapete" was peculiarly sincere and lovely in tonal quality. Harold Bels, one of the several fine contraltos of the organization, was admirable in the comic role of Marcellina.

New Version of Madame Butterfly

Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" rendered in English is not precisely a novelty. The very first productions in America under the auspices of Henry W. Savage, who presented it on tour before it was sung in Italian at the Metropolitan Opera House were in our tongue. This was in the season of 1904-5, a few months after the original presentation at Milan. The present stage production devised by Mr. Rosing with scenery designed by Norman Edwards differs materially from the sumptuous spectacle arranged by George Marion for Mr. Savage. But it is more in keeping with the realities of Japanese life as described in Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysantheme," that rather cynical tale which was twisted to sentimental purposes by John Luther Long when he wrote his story "Madame Butterfly." The action takes place entirely in the Japanese house purchased by Pinkerton for his temporary bride, and this abode is, so to speak, turned around. Instead of turning to a vista of the harbor of Nagasaki in the background, the singers when they gaze out to sea, look straight into the auditorium. Several novel effects are attained by the opening and shutting of the paper doors which form the front of the abode. At the close of the second act we see Butterfly and the faithful Suzuki in silhouette against these doors, waiting and watching, a searing effect. One notable improvement in taste has been effected by Mr. Rosing in his alteration of the finale. No longer does Butterfly kill herself in the presence of a blindfolded baby waving the stars and stripes. After her farewell to the child she carries it to its bed and the death scene gains in tragic quality and dignity by its absence. The remarkable versatility of Cecile Sherman was demonstrated in her impersonation of Butterfly as contrasted with her comic Cherubino. As Clo-Clo San she was marvellously pathetic, and adequately tragic. Moreover—the freshness, tenderness and ease of her singing touched every heart. Two eye-filling singers in a physical sense, were Charles Hedley, who sang Pinkerton, and Allan Burt, the

Sharpless,—both over six feet in height and graceful in bearing. Mr. Hedley has a robust tenor voice smoothly produced and replete with warmth and passion; and Mr. Burt was a magnificent Sharpless, with a perfect diction and splendid persuasive tones. Brownie Peebles sang the role of Suzuki with a rich mezzo quality of utterance, and rare sincerity of expression. I have not at this writing had the opportunity of seeing her Carmen, which gives her a real opportunity, but it must be excellent. Other notable performances were those of Howard Laramy as the Bonze, William Scholtz as Yamadori and Charles Stone as Goro. I could not name off hand how many performances of "Madame Butterfly" I have witnessed in more than two decades, but I have never heard Puccini's ingenious and charming orchestral score more colorfully interpreted than by Frank St. Leger.

Hector Charlesworth

Brilliant Recital by Heifetz

It is the fashion to regard Jascha Heifetz as brilliant but cold and certainly one may never hope to find in his playing the sensuous warmth of a Kreisler or an Elman. But those who heard him at his recent recital in Massey Hall were convinced. I think that his coldness exists only in a comparative sense. Listening to Heifetz and thinking only of him one became conscious of an emotional presence, restrained, it is true, and often overshadowed by a dazzling technical display, but there nevertheless. That is why the audience applauded so vehemently a rather commonplace waltz by Godowsky. Not because it had any value in itself, but because its total lack of variety in structure forced the violinist to give it importance by making it the vehicle for the display of a seductive, patly golden tone.

Even this was not necessary, for in such a technically difficult piece as Ernst's Concerto which was the featured opus on this programme, the richness of feeling and melodic color which Heifetz achieved was really amazing. As a matter of fact those who expected fireworks were slightly disappointed. The technical complexities of this Concerto are said to provide a stumbling-block for even the most adept technician. The nineteenth century Ernst himself is reported to have been occasionally daunted by it. But Heifetz played the piece with such ease and poise that one tended to forget the magnitude of his technical accomplishment because of the loveliness of the tone and the melodic grace that filled one's ears.

His program was excellently arranged. He opened with Locatelli's Sonata in F Minor, whose novel intricate elements were especially designed to exhibit brilliance and resource of technique.

(Continued on page 10)

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Tragedy Too Deep for Tears

"THE INTIMATE LIFE OF THE LAST TZARINA", by Princess Catherine Radziwill; Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, New York; Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto; 355 pages and 15 illustrations; \$5.00.

By A. R. RANDALL-JONES
THERE were many misjudgments of men during the Great War. There were also some of women—and one or two of these, at least, among the then most highly-placed women in the world. Of such women, possibly, the most prominent, as her fate was the most tragic of all, was the late Empress of Russia. By the general public—outside Russia, at any rate—she was accused of pro-German proclivities. As a matter of fact, reasons—her love of mysticism and her subservience to that sinister figure, Rasputin—were the main causes of her unpopularity with the Tzar's subjects, and were certainly contributory causes to the downfall of his dynasty and to the collapse of his Empire.

It is in the nature of all tragedy that it ever evokes our musings upon what might have been. Had the wife of the last Emperor of All the Russians been other than she was, could the "wrath to come" have been averted? Had her influence been cast on the side of liberal and humanitarian ideas, instead of on that of obstinate and autocratic views, would that have prevailed to save Russia from toppling over the abyss of disaster? Could Russia, in the circumstances in which the middle of the second decade of the twentieth century found her, have been, in any event, saved from the calamities that eventually overwhelmed her? To all these queries, the only answer possible now is itself another query—the enigmatic, "Quoniam scire."

The author, in her preface, proclaims the impartiality of her own attitude—hers neither to apologize for, nor to indict, the last Empress of Russia—and the quotations from the latter's own letters, from the book of her favorite, Madame Virovova, and from the Emperor's diary, are so numerous and often so copious that the main facts in the biography seem to be indisputable. Nevertheless, one gets the idea that Princess Catherine Radziwill is not quite so impartial as she would wish to be. For, here and there, she seems to show distinct traces of bias against the hapless woman whose biographer she has constituted herself.

For example, Princess Catherine Radziwill speaks of the Empress, when a mere girl and Prince's Alix of Hesse, as having "a naturally haughty disposition and difficult temper". Such was certainly not the impression made on the minds of astute judges of character, who met her in the home of her grandmother, Queen Victoria, in Great Britain. For in "The Life of Sir William Harcourt", by G. G. Gardiner, we find (vol. 2, page 236) the great Liberal statesman writing that "her singular beauty and charming simplicity and grace left an impression not easily effaced"; and, again (ibid. page 305) referring to her "singular charm and fascination which he had the pleasure of knowing at Balmoral". Queen Victoria's own eulogies of her character, as they found expression in her letters, may, perhaps, to some extent, be attributed to the partiality of a grandmother for a "beloved granddaughter", though it was certainly not her habit to be unduly fulsome in praise even of her own belongings.

Still, bias or no bias, this narrative of the life of the ill-starred Empress is, from the very nature of the documents substantiating it, so authentic and authoritative in its main outlines, that it is undoubtedly a valuable contribution to recent world biography. It possesses, not less undoubtedly, a psychological interest of an almost unique kind. Whatever the original temperament of the Empress as quite a young woman, she was obviously ill fitted for the position that she was destined by fate to occupy. When she took up her abode in Russia, she felt lonely and unhappy. She could scarcely speak a word of the Russian language. Her tastes were extremely simple and the opulent ceremonial inseparable from her new eminence was repugnant to her. The Russian aristocracy looked at her askance

and she appears to have been singularly unconvivial—doubtless (as one cannot help feeling) more from a certain shy awkwardness than from any native hauteur—in her intercourse with them. Then, too, her health, never robust, became exceedingly frail. In short, she was unhappy nearly always, save for the happiness she found in the mutual affection that always subsisted between herself and her husband.

The Emperor himself seems to have been a man of slow mind and weak will, but at times obstinately tenacious. Recognizing his limitations, his wife constantly endeavored to instill into him some backbone, but unhappily, the only result was to stiffen him in his resistance to popular courses and ideas. "Be firm" was the burden of her advice to her husband. Intermittently he tried to be firm—but always at the wrong time and in the wrong way. Many of his predecessors on his throne had been cruel and brutal, some had been able and great. But they had nearly all been, in one sense or another, strong men—men who had known how to make themselves feared or respected. It was the height of irony that, in the supreme crisis of her fortunes, Russia had a ruler of marked incompetence—one who could inspire neither respect nor fear.



REBECCA WEST

A devoted wife and mother, the Empress was always imbued with a deep piety, which developed a strong vein of mysticism in her nature. It was this extreme and, indeed, excessive, religious fervor of hers that was the foundation of her admiration for Rasputin. This unscrupulous rascal appears, according to the volume under review, to have been possessed of an extraordinary power of suggestion, and to have exercised this, with beneficial effect, on the Czarovich, the son of the Emperor and Empress, who had been an invalid from birth. Her extreme religious zeal precluded the Empress from understanding the real source of Rasputin's remarkable influence on the health of her son. She attributed it, not to hypnotic powers, but to celestial gifts, with which she came to believe Rasputin had been endowed owing to the sanctity of his life.

That belief put the final and finishing touch to her own unpopularity, which had been steadily growing with almost all classes of her husband's subjects—with the aristocracy (which counted for everything socially), with the bureaucracy, (which counted for almost everything politically) and, ultimately, with the populace, to whom the Tzar had always, hitherto, appeared in the light of nothing short of a sacrosanct personage. However, with the advent and the continuance of the World War, it transpired that "there are things that have been shaken." And one of the things to be shaken first and hardest was the throne of the Romanoffs. Unfortunately, the Tzarina herself seems to have remained unconscious of the coming upheaval pretty nearly until the last moment. She played a woman's part—as well as that of an Empress—in the early days of the war. She nursed and tended the sick soldiers with infinite solicitude—and even this was turned to her undoing. For to the soldiers themselves, as we read, "instead of striking those for whom she performed menial duties as something sublime," in her doing of them, it merely "deprived them of the awe with which the Empress, as Empress, inspired them, and placed her on a level with other women, which shook all their notions as to what was right or what was wrong."

The end of it all, as we know, was tragedy stark and appalling—tragedy too deep for tears! This beautiful and gifted woman, with

what Sir William Harcourt called, as we have seen, "her singular charm and fascination," saw her husband and children butchered before her eyes before the assassins' shots closed those eyes for ever. *Cui bono?* To what end, indeed? The human drama does not, one presumes, move "with aimless feet." But it will be for other generations to discern the good, if any, that the revolution in Russia has attained, either for humanity, in general, or for that ill-starred land, in particular. It is not readily discernible by our own.

A Clever Critic

"THE STRANGE NECESSITY", by Rebecca West; Doubleday, Doran & Gundy, Toronto; \$3 net.

By PELHAM EDGAR.

MISS REBECCA WEST must be tired of hearing herself called a clever woman, but I must perforce join my small voice to the chorus of praise. Mere cleverness is often futile, and it is almost as common as stupidity. What is rare is to encounter a mind that can register its impressions with such combined delicacy and power. In her we have a genuinely creative intelligence which has confined itself almost wholly to the business of judging, with the most fortunate results for criticism, a branch of literature that lies too easily open to incompetence and pedantry.

In the present book there are few set essays or literary themes, but what there are of them have value because of the clean-cut firmness of her opinions. To judge on human and aesthetic grounds is the legitimate function of the critic, but we too commonly lack confidence in the virtue of his estimates. With Miss West we feel safe. Here is a professional taster on whom we may rely. If she tells us therefore that Mr. Tomlinson is worth while we shall order some more Tomlinson. If she tells us that Miss Willa Cather is a sound and satisfactory artist we shall approve ourselves for having made the same discovery. We have all obscurely realized the unsoundness of Miss Ethel M. Dell, and some of us have doubted the virtue of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, but it is none the less satisfactory to be presented here with a workable philosophy of badness. Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis are discussed with just the right admixture of sympathy and dissent; and a most diverting chapter called "Uncle Bennett" exemplifies the merits and shortcomings of the four Victorian uncles, Wells, Shaw, Galsworthy and Bennett, who have seen the younger generation grow from knee-high to full stature.

The main importance of the book rests on the essay which supplies the title "The Great Necessity". Here we would wish nothing altered save the elimination of typographical blunders which mar her beautiful syntax. "The Great Necessity" is nothing more than the compulsion this is laid upon our race to create art. We required a brain to respond to our environment. Minds developed it to satisfy the same need. To realize ourselves more effectively, to wrest from experience its ultimate ounce of value, we needed a super-brain, and a mysterious twist in the cerebral vortex was evolved to produce the artistic intelligence. With Samuel Butler Miss West believes that what the human race requires it can create. It is rather like the old fairy story with the three wishes, except for the fact that these wishes are always represented as futile and foolish, whereas art provides us with a kind of finality however spurious. We are somewhat battered and bruised in our worldly experiences, but there are some people somewhere who have discovered what real values are, and they generously give us the benefit of their experiences.

But the problem is more complicated than this. Miss West is wandering down the rue de Rivoli one day with a full consciousness of what has happened to her, and she is extremely happy. She has bought a lace dress that recalled an etching by Goya, and the dress and the Pruna panels that contained it are separate items of delight that go singing through her day. There are three hats bought that produce an evanescent thrill of pleasure, a visit to a lawyer to arrange for an investment that will keep her from the poorhouse, a trifling pleasant lunch in a beautiful house in the Ile Saint Louis (won derful preserved strawberries that linger in the palatal memory), and a call at a banking house to find letters from people she loves. Shall she go in the afternoon to Versailles that tugs at her heart strings, or see a picture by Ingres in the Louvre of a young man in a snuff-colored coat? She chooses the picture, and the intervals of her thought through that closely packed day (surely it was several days), between dress, hats, lunch, letters, panels, picture, are haunted by obsessions of Joyce's "Ulysses". She does not wholly like Joyce or his Ulysses, but knows that he is more

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effect of stock relationship

THE telephone system in Ontario and Quebec today is owned by 15,300 shareholders. Of these, 95 per cent live in Canada and own 62 per cent of the total shares.

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effect of the contract

THE Bell Telephone Company has secured three chief advantages by the contract of 1923:—

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One example of research work is the "loading coil" which has eliminated the need for heavy wires increasing in size with distance. This has saved millions of dollars. Similar discoveries have saved other millions for the telephone user and given him a better telephone. The research clause of the contract alone more than balances the contract fee.

Secondly, the Canadian company has rights to the use of all inventions. The American company now owns more than 5,000 patents essential in every phase of telephone operation. The contract gives the Canadian company use of these patents and places the American company under obligation to take out Canadian patents on any new inventions the Canadian company wishes.

Thirdly, the contract gives the Canadian company a steady supply of reports and statistics regarding new operating methods under trial by the associated companies of the American system.

Dangerous experiments are thus avoided. When the Canadian company makes a change in method it is to a well tested method and the services of specialists from the American company are available, by contract, to assist in making it. An example of this is the change from manual to dial system.

Both in the stock holding and in the contract provisions Canadian telephone users are protected and assisted by the relationship with the American company.





JACKET DESIGN FOR "GOOD-BYE WISCONSIN", A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES BY GLENWAY WESCOTT (HARPER-MUSSON, TORONTO).

important and necessary to her than at least hats. It is all a delightful jumble, yet so clear and logical that I wish more treatises on aesthetics might be based on personal experiences so freshly and entertainingly communicated. For it is all a quite serious and subtle attempt to evaluate experience and to indicate the relationship which art bears to the normal concerns of life.

There are more deviations and twists and turns than I can here indicate. One excursion that should interest us deals with the virtues of a long tradition. Great expatriates like the Anglo-Irish Shaw, Yeats, and Moore, and the Anglo-Indian Kipling, produce their work under handicaps that would smother a moderate talent, and which embarrass even them. We in Canada are at a still further remove from the centre, unless we can be said to have evolved a new centre of our own. Is it true that we are living on the scraps and leavings of other tables, and are never sharers in the feast? I leave this in the form of a question.

The Golden Fleece

"THE NEW ARGONAUTICA," by W. B. Drayton Henderson; Thomas Nelson & Sons, Toronto; 352 pages; \$3.50.

BY E. J. PRATT.

THIS book is about as difficult to review as to read. An attempt to gather its meaning by merely thumbing the pages and reciting odd passages might very well induce a reader to question his own sanity. The author evidently intended that his work should be left untouched, or mastered like a difficult text requiring the closest application and the strictest logical analysis. If these requirements are fulfilled, then the *New Argonautica* takes on the outline and mass of an epic for which in this age only the *Dunads* of Hardy, the *Dawn in Britain* of Doughty and *John Brown's Body* furnish adequate parallels. The author is W. B. Drayton Henderson, Professor of English at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. — a comparatively young writer whose output before the publication of this volume was limited to studies of nineteenth century poets, like Landor and Swinburne, in the pursuit of academic degrees. He paid a visit to Toronto, a few weeks ago, as a member of the Modern Languages Association, and read from his work before the Women's Press Club.

The *New Argonautica* is a single poem of more than three hundred pages descriptive of a stellar voyage undertaken by the spirits of Sir Francis Drake, da Vaca, de Leon and others under the captainship of Sir Walter Raleigh. The base of the poem is the historical search which Raleigh made for "that mighty, rich and beautiful Empire of Guiana by means of which, he persuaded himself, many grievous and longstanding wrongs in the old world might be set right." The poem is divided into cantos, prefaced by arguments, in the fashion of *Paradise Lost*, and the figures are all of them symbolic:—Raleigh representing the intellectual side of the human spirit, Drake the actional, de Leon the aesthetic, while da Vaca is the comic-ironic element illustrative of the various passions, discords, frustrations and disillusionments which enter into human aspiration.

The scheme of the voyage is thoroughly modernized and Mr. Henderson offers serious philosophical comment upon international currents. The spirits of Raleigh and Drake had visited the earth during the Great War and returned their "pre-paradise" in the greatest distress over our civilization. They now propose to leave the solar universe altogether and journey to some other system, provided such existed, where justice, truth and righteousness might be discovered in abiding reality. They de-

cide that, in the event of this journey ending fruitlessly, they would extinguish their spiritual existence.

This is an amazing conception befitting the construction and scope of the poem. No one can withhold admiration for it as a sheer intellectual achievement. The spirit of the poetry is as rarified as the ether through which the Argo sails. The effect is Alpine, glacial if such mundane terms have any application at all, and the Invocation with its formidable mode of verse paragraphing is like the challenge of a Himalayan peak.

"A lonelier voyage than ever on the sea
Driven ship adventured, or air clamorously
Sustains now, following Earth's curve,
are by are—
A voyage among the stars and spaces stark

Where even stars are silent, do thou sing
Singing Urania! and, piloting
That high design, the unbodied deathliest spirit
Chiefliest of Raleigh: through the veiling light
Of his pre-paradise who aspired to them

With no less love than their deepened dusk and flame
Waked in his watching heart through Earth's graced air,
When he was man."

The versification generally is a display of brilliant technique. Superficially, it is the heroic couplet, but it is far removed from the click-clack of the eighteenth century measures, as Mr. Henderson has obviously tried to super-impose Milton on Pope, the rhymes being at times submerged in the continuous flow of the paragraph. The syntax is tortuous and one has to go back to pick up the threads of subjects and verbs,—an effort delaying movement and comprehension especially in the parts where philosophy is woven in, but there are passages in the character-pictures of Drake and Raleigh in which phrasal simplicity is combined with pictorial splendour. As poetry, the best part of the work lies in the objective descriptions.

"Sir, the evening flame
Of all the heavenly lamps gave ample light
To read it by, and aspire the infinite,
And no day was so silent but some word
Of a remote, untender Beauty stirred
My heart that way:—the blue wall of the sea,
With islands on its verge, of mystery;
Shells vocal of great depths; the purple glow
That courses after violet waves that flow
Back to the sea across a yellow sand;
Hibiscus bells, and humming-birds that stand
On points of air before them, with such wings
That eyes scarcely discern their quiverings;
The mountain cabbage palm's sublime ascent
Lifting the blue stretched heaven as a tent;
Night valleys starred with fire-flies interweaving
After their wills, and phosphorescence heaving
Globed from the depths beside a ship at sea—
Our sea, at night."

A Last Gesture

"ACTION AND OTHER STORIES," by C. E. Montague; Mussons, Toronto; \$2.00; 264 pages.

BY T. D. RIMMER.

THIS last book of Montague's closes a memorable chapter in literature. In all his work his personality flowed into every crevice until, even now, one not only meets him mentally but senses a nearness almost physical. He

was, in the highest sense, British and his books are stamped with courage and, yes, serene nobility which, if applied even in part measure to his private life, must have made him a man worth knowing. And his style and personality are so indubitably one that it is impossible to doubt that these books of his are the impress of the ideals which governed him.

In this book the tales are again representative. In many of them the humor which glimmered in *Fiery Particles* comes into play again—a rich racy humor which is at home either along the Thames or in some potent-haunted district of Ireland. Some of the stories stretch credulity to breaking-point—and beyond it—but told in his inimitable style they assume a pleasurable if transient verity.

The graver stories, though, are more appealing—though the whole book is lit by quaint whimsies of diction. That is a large part of his appeal, I think—the blend of allusion and apt quotation, the unexpected paraphrases and his own Ariel-like fancy; all combining to give him a mastery of words and phrases which approaches wizard-

ry. Go through this book, though it is more evident in *The Hind Let Loose*, and you will find hundreds of little whimsies and plays upon words, the sum of which reveals the delicate art of your true essayist.

Three stories in the volume project from the others: "Judith", "Ted's Leave" and "Didn't Take Care of Himself". "Judith" is a war story, and a version of the Biblical tale, which has a throbbing pathos; "Ted's Leave" reveals all the dead author's insight and sympathy in his reading of Helen the mother; and "Didn't Take Care of Himself" results in the creation of a splendid if remote character.

Montague was in love with words. He had his favorites, such words and phrases as "curvilinear" and the old "the golden bowl is broken," and these he could not help using over and over again with an excusable fondness. And in like manner, this love for mountains found expression in much of his work, down even to this volume. This love made him lyrical at times, with a lyricism which had the validity of poetry, for by a prose artist the river between poetry and prose is easily forded by high emotions, and his beloved mountains inspired Montague with those.

The little story "Action", has not all the qualities of three stories I have mentioned, but it is a tale of an ecstasy of strength which betrays an indomitable courage and in the telling is worthy to rank with the three. The description of the axe-strokes making the "letter-boxes" to give the climber a footing has a vivid claim to memory.

The volume, as a whole, is not Montague's best work—perhaps because of the unevenness of thematic quality—but it is sufficiently representative to send those who meet him for the first time post haste for his other books.

One wonders what his eventual place will be. He is not on the high peaks and yet he is an author whose books we are glad to keep with us and whose work can be loved because it is stained to richness by his ideals and wholly admirable outlook on life. Reading this, his last book, is like taking leave of a friend and one who has known and loved his work can only say with regret: *Adieu vale!* (See also page 12)

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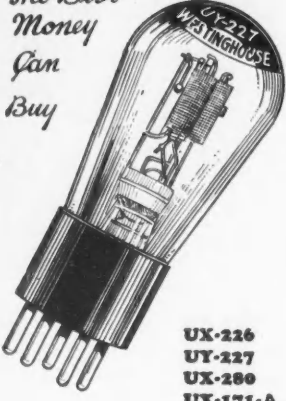
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A debut in modern mode promises an interesting musical evening on January 17, when Naomi Gravattstein and Rita Culos make their dual bow in a two-piano recital at the Toronto Conservatory.

Not in form alone is this an unusual initial performance. The programme includes Saint-Saens' satirical "Carnival of the Animals", publication of which was withheld till after his death. This will be its first presentation in Toronto.

Two-piano arrangements of compositions of Scriabin, Mozart, Cesar Franck, Tchaikovsky, Ravel and Rachmaninoff are included.

MUSIC and DRAMA

(Continued from page 7)

nique. This was followed with four short pieces by 17th and 18th century composers, Vivaldi's "Larghetto," Rameau's "Ritardando," Couperin's "Les Petits Moulins à Vent" and a Bach Prelude. These were delightfully rendered, the Bach Prelude being a most thrilling affair. The Ernst Concerto was followed by a modern group that included a particularly attractive composition by Ravel, "Pièce en forme d'Habanera" in which this French modern took a conventional form and recast it along fresh, original lines. Gaubert's "Une Chasse," "Au loin" an appealing descriptive bit, Achron's "Grace" from "Suite Bizarre" and Milhaud's "Leme" from "Saudades do Brazil" were all done with a delicacy of treatment that was fascinating. The program was brought to an end with Novacek's "Perpetuum Mobile" which served as a vibrant, exciting finale.

Isidor Achron at the piano, accompanied Heifetz in a very capable fashion.

Austral Kochanski and Amadio

Those who attended the latest concert presented by the Philharmonic Concert Company in Massey Hall could not complain of any lack of variety. Florence Austral, the soprano, Paul Kochanski, the violinist, and John Amadio, the flautist, combined to provide a program that was highly diversified and attractively so. Miss Austral and Mr. Amadio have appeared in Toronto on two previous occasions, but this was Mr. Kochanski's first appearance. He is a violinist of unquestioned ability, and created a distinct impression. He handled his first group, Bach's Praeludium E Major, and Vivaldi's A Minor Concerto very effectively, although I thought that he attacked the Praeludium a little too fiercely. A later group of novelties that included a delightfully appealing composition of his own, "Style," was rendered in delightful style.

Miss Austral's first number was Weber's "Ocean, thou Mighty Monster" ("Oberon"). It is a favored composition with sopranos who have great volume and power and Miss Austral took hold of it and gave all that it had, although one was vastly more thrilled by "Brunhilde's Call" which she sang later as an encore. It was done with really tremendous effect.

Miss Austral is most impressive when singing in the higher register. There her tonal sweetness and power are really remarkable. Lower down her voice seems to lose some of its purity and strength, but judged as a whole she possesses an organ of outstanding quality, and one which she handles with marked authority. Among the shorter pieces which she did I liked Liszt's "On Quai de Jers" and Rene Rabey's "Tes Yeux" both rendered with a rare delicacy and refinement of feeling. One of the most delightful things she sang was Herbert Hughes' "Parodies on Nursery Rhymes" which traversed her own art and were done with a great sense of humor. And there was also an attractive English folk-song, "The Sprig of Thyme," arranged by Percy Grainger.

John Amadio as a flautist is pretty well in a class by himself, and he does for the flute what Salvi does for the harp. He makes it a diverting solo instrument. On this occasion he played in superb fashion Mozart's final movement from Concerto in D, one of the few pieces composed directly for the flute. Krantz "Reverie" and Frank Bridge's "Moto Perpetuo" and an encore which was the best of them all, Debussy's "The Flute of Pan" which he played off-stage.

The accompanying pianists were Nils Nelson and Pierre Luboshutz, both of whom distinguished themselves in the sympathetic effectiveness of their accompaniment.

Toronto Symphony Recital

The singing of the aria "Dich Theure Halle" from "Tannhauser" by Madame Joanne Dusseau and the performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E Minor were the outstanding attractions at the recent twilight recital of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Madame Dusseau made the all-too-short aria a stirring affair, the nobility of her utterance and her vocal clarity and power making a decided impression on the audience.

The orchestra has not played anything so well in some time as it played the Tchaikovsky Symphony. Rich in melody and color, varied in mood and superbly orchestrated all through, this work responds magnificently to the proper treatment and Dr. Von Kunits and his orchestra handled it with a great deal of authority and understanding. It was really an exhilarating performance.

The concert was opened with Massenet's overture to "Thedre" which finds Massenet in one of his most richly poetic states of mind and which was also splendidly done by the orchestra.

Hal Frank

Edith Taliaferro Returns

Edith Taliaferro returned to Toronto on Monday of this week. The theatre was the Victoria, the vehicle Sir James Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" and the result one of the most delightful and satisfying performances ever seen in stock in this city.

Few returning stars ever won such an outstanding triumph and none merited it more. An enthusiastic capacity audience extended its warmest welcome on the opening night and it was richly rewarded. Dainty, clever and charming, an artist to her finger tips, Miss Taliaferro is undoubtedly one of the most capable and successful actresses ever to spend any considerable length of time in Toronto. Last season, as the leading lady of a local stock company, she amply demonstrated her versatility and made thousands of fast friends. If such be possible, her return on Monday evening, served to cement even more firmly the bonds which unite her to the discriminating Toronto theatre-goers.

The Barrie classic lends itself admirably to Miss Taliaferro's talent and

"Maggie" is unquestionably one of her finest characterizations. Not that this clever actress is incapable of widely different roles—her past successes have amply proven her versatility—but the Barrie character is one of her favorites, and in it she gives generously of her warm personality, which makes "Maggie" the type of woman Barrie had in mind. Sympathy and understanding are just as much prime requisites of an actress as stage technique, and it is in these departments of her profession that Miss Taliaferro demonstrates her artistry. The play itself is beloved of thousands, and as for "What Every Woman Knows," if every woman knows it, it is no longer news.

The entire production at the Victoria this week is notable for subtlety, its restraint and lack of boisterousness or over-emphasis. House Baker Jameson, who plays opposite Miss Taliaferro, is also no stranger to Toronto, and while here in the past he showed undoubted promise, and has now become a finished actor. His "John Shand" in the Barrie play is one of the finest things he has ever done, and his work contributes greatly toward making the production the very fine effort that it is. Whether or not Miss Taliaferro has exercised some magic touch, the entire support in "What Every Woman Knows" is excellent. As "David Wyllie," the uncompromising Scot who removes the big, unburned coals from the dying fire as seriously as he deals with any matter in life, Jack Soanes, the Victoria's clever character man, is splendid. Blanche Douglas also merits special mention, while Edward Blaine, Leslie Thomas, Louis Scott and Ruth Rickaby are all good.

It is evident that the Victoria Players have given more than ordinary attention to the present production, and the result well merits the care that has been shown. Those who appreciate good plays, well done, will find a visit to the theatre worth while. Incidentally the management has suggested to its audiences the possibility of retaining Miss Taliaferro as permanent star for the balance of the season, and here is one vote cast in support. May the "ayes" have it!

H. W. McE.

Note and Comment

"Juno and the Paycock" by Sean O'Casey, has been chosen as the second offering at Hart House Theatre for the 1928-1929 season, and will be presented, under the direction of Carroll Aikins, from the fourth to the sixteenth of February. The action of the play takes place in a Dublin tenement, and deals with the complete breaking

up of an Irish family, due to a series of events that crowd in upon its members. Tragedy has already touched the scene before the rising of the curtain, but the play itself is a unique blend of tragedy and mirth. In connection with the first production of "Juno and the Paycock" at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, "Living Age," of May 3, 1924, says: "The Abbey Theatre in Dublin, which was the scene of the early triumphs of Lady Gregory, Yeats and Synge, has come into its own again with a new play by Mr. Sean O'Casey, an extraordinary mingling of light comedy with an undercurrent of the bitterest tragedy emerging at the end of the play." The play was received with excitement by the Dublin people, and its qualities of political and human interest provided material for nationwide discussion. In the Hart House production of the play an attempt will be made to maintain all its native simplicity in characterization and in setting.

Sean O'Casey at the time of the first production of "Juno and the Paycock," earned his living by cleaning up a workmen's club in Dublin. Liam O'Flaherty in the London Daily Herald, reports an interview with the author of "Juno" that explains in part O'Casey's extraordinary keen appreciation of the lot of his people. "As he dodged around the floor with his broom, sweeping a piece of orange peel from under this form, knocking an empty packet of cigarettes off that form, he kept talking about Chekhov, the misery of the Irish workers, the origin of 'Captain' Boyle, the greatest character in his play. His emaciated face with small eyes that seem to pierce one through and through and then wander off in another direction as if they were saying, 'I've seen through him,' makes one feel that after all it is worth one's while to suffer in order to feel that spirit of divine rebellion that makes great art possible."

O'Casey's play has twice been put into rehearsal by local amateurs, but rights of production have been withdrawn at the last moment. Hart House Theatre has now been successful in securing permission to produce the play for the first time in Canada.

MR. BERNARD PRESTON, manager of the Canadian Concert Bureau, wishes to call attention to the second group of four concerts in his "Celebrity Series" of twelve, which he is announcing to take place at Massey Hall, on February 11, 21, 25, by four of the greatest artists now before the public—Challapin, Olegin, Rosenthal and Sigelt. Mr. Preston is offering these four concerts at the strikingly low prices of \$10, \$8, \$6, \$4, tax included, corresponding prices for the single events being \$3.25, \$2.75, \$2.20 and \$1.65, there being no reduction on the \$1 seats. Challapin needs no introduction to a Toronto audience, his former appearances here as well as his recent

ones in London, Paris, Berlin, New York and other large centres being memorable and epoch-making. Sigelt Olegin is one of four great artists whom Mr. Preston is introducing to Toronto. This great Swedish contralto creates a sensation whether in opera or concert. After a recent New York recital the Telegraph termed her voice as "one of the wonders of the world, as stupendous as Gibraltar, as infinitely as Niagara." The Telegram said

"she recalls to mind the wonder tales of the Rossinian period; she delivered a crescendo trill the like of which has not been heard since Melba's famous trill in the Mad Scene from Lucia." The Times said "she has amplitude of tone and melodic line, and the proud curve, and grand and dramatic manner which so many attempt and so few achieve." Rosenthal is the most thrilling survivor of the old school of

(Continued on next page)



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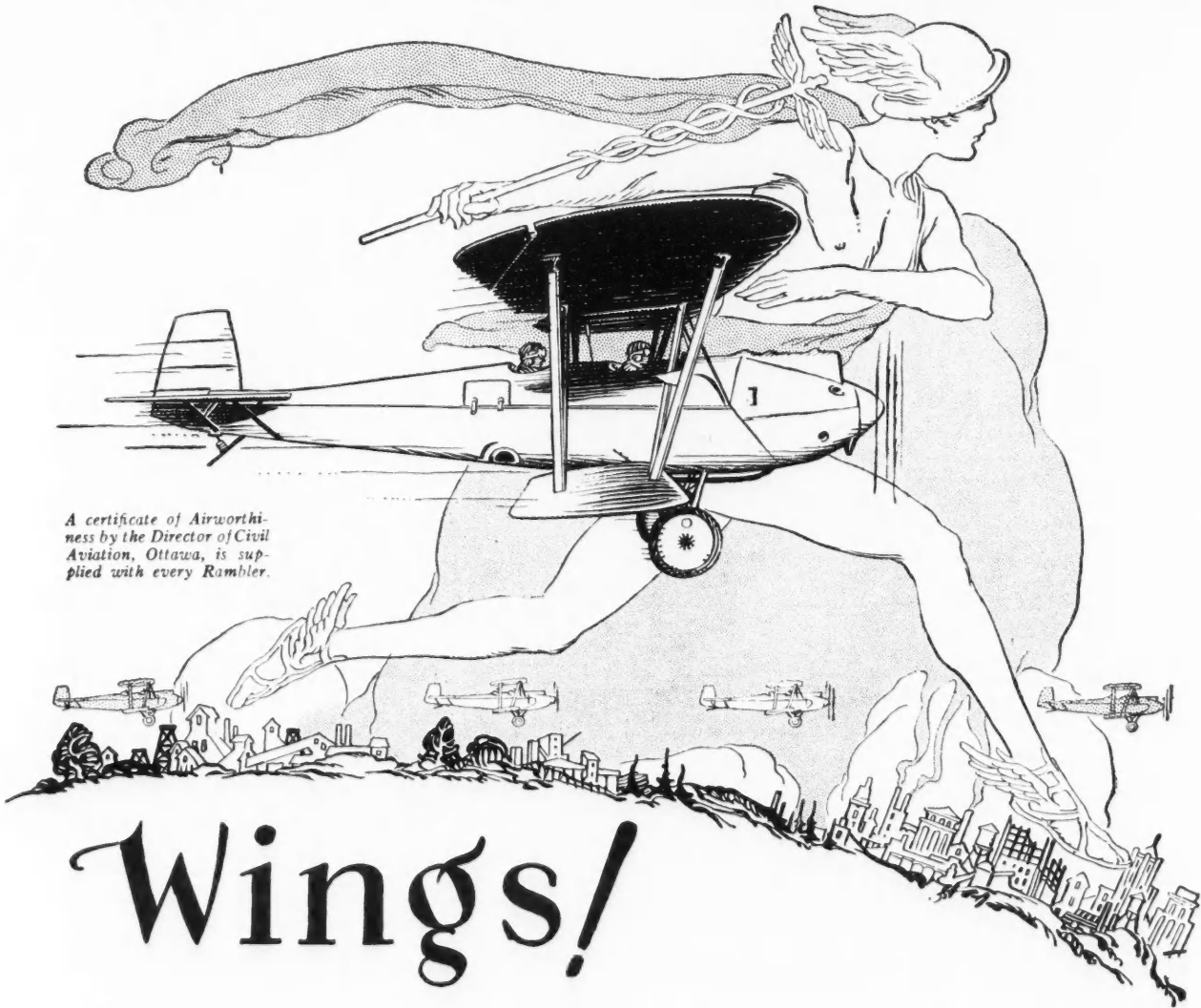
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ELSIE BENNETT, one of the most brilliant, refined and imaginative of Toronto pianists, is scheduled to give a recital in the Conservatory of Music Hall on Tuesday evening, February 19. The program as published on a circular we have seen shows that she will play, a Prelude to Fugue by Bach, a Sonata by Mozart, Etude by Mendelssohn, with pieces by Brahms, Ausderone, Sternberg, Grainger, and the Ballade in D Minor by York Bowen. The recital is under distinguished patronage.

THE soloists, who will appear at the Mendelssohn Choir concerts on the 7th, 8th and 9th of February next, are Mme. Elisabeth Rethberg, soprano, and Mr. Fraser Gange, baritone. The latter is no stranger in Toronto, having sung with the Mendelssohn Choir in the Ninth Symphony and "The New Life" in previous seasons. While it will be Madame Elisabeth Rethberg's first appearance in Toronto, her name is well known throughout the musical world. Since her debut at the Dresden Opera in 1915, when she was discovered by Mr. Fritz Reiner, her progress has been phenomenal. She is one of the outstanding artists at the Metropolitan Opera in New York and has appeared from coast to coast across the border. In addition to the leading part in "The New Life," she will sing one of Bach's great solo Cantatas with orchestra, an aria from Beethoven's Opera, "Fidelio" and a group of songs by Joseph Marx, all with orchestra.

Owing to Mr. Reiner's summons to New York to conduct the Philharmonic Symphony, pending Toscanini's arrival, he has been compelled to make some changes in the orchestral numbers. On Thursday evening he will play Schöenberg's arrangement of two Bach Organ Cantatas instead of the chromatic Fantasy and Fugue. On the Friday evening he will play as an opening overture, "Escapes" (Port-of-Call), by Ibert, instead of the Leonore No. 2. The orchestral programme for Saturday Matinee, he has reconstructed and will be as follows:

Overture, Don Giovanni, Mozart, arranged by Busoni. Orchestral Suite, "Mother Goose," by Ravel. Venusberg music, "Tannhäuser," (Paris version), Wagner, and the symphony as originally announced, the great No. 1, in C minor by Brahms.

"THE Pied Piper of Hamelin," Parry's fine setting of Browning's poem for Chorus and Orchestra with solos for tenor and baritone, will be done by the Toronto Conservatory Chorus and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra with Dr. Ernest MacMillan conducting at the next Twilight Concert, January 29th, at 5.15. Lawrence De Foe will sing the tenor role. The baritone soloist will be announced later. Under the direction of Dr. Luigi von Kunits the orchestra will play Lalo's celebrated overture "Le Roi d'Ys" and the colorful "Capriccio Espagnol" of Rimsky-Korsakow.

"PEG O' MY HEART," Oliver Morosco's marvelous success which ran for two solid years at the Cort Theatre, New York, will be the attraction at the Victoria Theatre by the Victoria Players, assisted by Miss Edith Taliaferro, Mr. James Gordon Coots, and Mr. House B. Jameson.

Never before in the history of Toronto stock-playing has there been brought together three such outstanding stars, all to have roles in the one production.

Miss Taliaferro needs no special mention here. Her hundreds of Toronto admirers turned out and gave her a real welcome during this week. This happy experience was the lot of Mr. Jameson. But in the Mr. Coots we have not only an actor of international fame, but also he will be seen in his original role in that charming Irish comedy, "Peg O' My Heart." It is said that the play is the thing, but when a company of the standing of that at the Victoria for next week is added to the lustre of the play, then it can be said, "the play and the cast is the thing."

"Peg O' My Heart," as everyone knows, is just a delicious story of Irish wit, it is the kind one often reads about, but rarely meets face to face, as it were. It ripples, it scintillates, flashes like sunlight upon the stream, slips behind a cloud, with every promise of rain, and just as the tears are about to run over, the captivating brogue and irresistible humor, kindly in intent, comes to the surface and are welcome with smiles and laughter. Not in years has the stage presented a character so lovable, so sincere, so human, so happy, so sorrowful, so sturdy, so boyish, so girlish in tenderness and sympathy as "Peg O' My Heart." It's the human qualities that constitute the real charm of this glorious play.

Miss Taliaferro, as "Peg," will win to her heart all of the remaining few, who do not call her "friend." Mr. Coots and Mr. Jameson in their roles will add fresh laurels to their fame, and the remaining members of this popular company help to form a perfect setting.

"Peg O' My Heart" will play for the entire week with the usual matinee performances on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

THE Comedie Musicale Française, which the Montreal impresario, Mr. J. A. Gauvin, brings to the Royal Alexandra next week, will do three of the reigning musical comedies of the Parisian stage and will include a number of the favorite performers of the leading theatres in the gay French capital. M. Christian Servatius, one of France's outstanding comedians, is featured with Georges Folx, an eminent Paris tenor, Sonia Alby, Jeanne de Pomayrac, Gladia Barry, Marlene Gailard, Luce Lucior and others of equal note. The company numbers thirty-five and is accompanied by Terry's dancing girls. Mr. Gauvin remained in

technical accomplishments, and warm musical temperament. The program includes Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata and Vieuxtemps' Concerto in F Sharp Minor.

Art and Artists

A RECENT exhibition of interest was the display of water colors and oils by Harry Britton, A.R.C.A., in the T. Eaton Art Gallery. Mr. Britton is an Englishman who has lived most of his life in Canada and of late years has made his home in the Maritimes. The Nova Scotia and New Brunswick scenes predominate as the subject in this collection, although the European scene is well represented. As may be expected the sea and the coast have particularly fascinated the artist. His studies of the sea—such as "On the Atlantic"—are remarkable for their suggestion of leashed movement and power, while his studies of ships both in the port of unenbured and elsewhere are ne examples of the artist's work, which is characterized by simplicity of treatment, a coloring that is quiet but definite while there is in all his pictures an unmistakable feeling of sincerity and an attitude of faith toward the reality of the particular subject. A really remarkable example of his ability not only for clarity of color but also the creation of restrained massivity is seen in the picture, "Entrance to the Cave."

One of the smaller pictures which appealed to me especially was the fine study of a fisher's wife in "Mending Nets." Included in the collection were a number of interesting pastels by Henrietta Britton.

The Société des Instruments Anciens of Paris gave recently a series of concerts in Holland.

Paul Graener's new string quartet, Opus 80, was played for the first time at the Vienna concert of the Dresden String Quartet.



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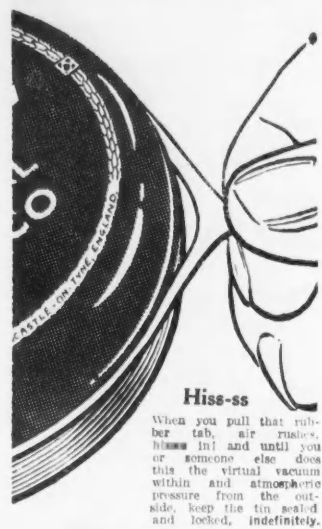
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The Canadian Scene

"Canadian Cities of Romance" by Katherine Hale; McClelland and Stewart, Toronto; \$3.00.

"Next Year", A Romance of the Barr Colonists in Canada, by Harry Pick (Barr Colonist).

BY P. E. THORNELOE.

IN THE new, enlarged and revised edition of this book Katherine Hale has written of sixteen Canadian cities and has found distinct qualities of romance or at any rate of special interest in each one. She begins naturally, where Canada began, with the eastern cities and the first chapter deals with Quebec—An Immortal! The three centuries of the old city founded by Champlain are touched upon, the beauty of her situation, her coloring, the blue of the St. Lawrence the purple of the Laurentians and the ruggedness of her rocky precipices. The author feels however that the keen romance of Quebec lies in the fact that in her history extremes have always met:—the natural extremes of a climate that can be bitterly cold and also sun-warm to the core and extremes of temperament in two races far as the poles apart in their expression of feeling. The sound that comes when she thinks of Quebec is the ringing of bells, the laughter of French children and the incessant murmur of prayers.

Montreal, Kingston, Halifax all have their historic interest—the first named the most substantial and progressive from a commercial standpoint, and also unique in having the finest art collection in Canada. It is not difficult to arouse a sentimental interest in the reader in regard to these old cities nor in Fredericton and the Port of St. John. The task becomes harder when the writer approaches the newer cities of Ontario. Ottawa of course has her own special place centering in Parliament Hill—her buildings are classic but "a winelike air gives her the divine essence of youth," her classic buildings are only the mental side of her.

Toronto's University buildings, colleges and schools, the Royal Museum of Art, the Art Gallery at the Grange give her an intellectual interest and small military episodes in the early days, such as the Rebellion of 1837, give a slight historical significance. Some names of note in the world of letters are mentioned in this chapter, in fact in connection with every city the author has endeavored to single out the men and women who in various fields of achievement have brought honor to their birth places or to the cities where they have made their homes. Aside from the personal and intimate things she has also seized upon the particular quality in each place that has a broader significance. In the Western cities, magnificent in their youth—Katherine Hale poetically feels a resemblance to flame, from their rapid growth and vivid coloring. Vancouver is rich in Indian tradition and it is interesting to know that some of the sacred legends have been put in permanent book form by the Indian poetess Pauline Johnson, who spent her last years there and who is also mentioned in connection with Brantford.

Victoria, one of the most delightful spots in all Canada, comes last in the book, fittingly, for the author says lovingly of this city "Victoria is Canada's lyric postscript—the last note of a heroic song."

The interest of the text is greatly enhanced by the charming drawings by Dorothy Stevens of many of the natural or architectural places of beauty mentioned in the various chapters.

AN INTERESTING event in the development of Canada's Great West was the incoming of the Barr Colonists in 1903. The story is told by one of their number and he chooses a semi-historical, semi-romantic and semi-humorous method of telling it. Probably the historical vein alone would have been a more suitable line for the author to pursue, as the romance is singularly uninteresting and unconvincing and the humor forced. The exploits of these British colonists who, led by an unscrupulous parson adventured deep into the wilderness of the North-West in the early days of the twentieth Century hold something better and braver than has been brought out in this account of their wanderings. Two thousand colonists crossed the Atlantic on the S.S. Lake Manitoba whose Board of Trade rating was eight hundred odd. Privacy was impossible, drinking water and food were terrible, sanitary conditions unspeakable. The passengers suffered agonies of sea-sickness and some died. The author says it speaks well for British love of law and order that only eleven fights, seven incipient

mutinies, three riots, and twenty-two violent interviews with Barr, the party's leader, occurred during the voyage. The foreword to the volume is by far the most interesting part of the book, giving as it does direct information in regard to the scheme so cunningly planned by Barr, and the hopes and expectations of those he duped. Large sums of money were deposited with Barr in London in payment for such things as C.R.R. land, homestead fees; bell tents, shares in

things promised them in the new country were forthcoming when after misery and sickness they finally landed. Barr being in danger of his life abandoned the party and they then appointed the Rev. George Lloyd as leader, to their great satisfaction and relief. One thousand indomitable ones survived the trek across the prairies to a point two hundred miles from Edmonton and more than one hundred and fifty miles from the main line of the Canadian Pacific. The land which had been allotted to them was most of it good and here they founded their colony and named it Britannia, afterwards Lloydminster where many



ROMANCE OF CANADIAN AUTHOR
Dr. J. Wesley Brady, a Canadian by birth is now a noted author and lecturer in London. While at work in the British Museum a year and a half ago he picked up a book which a young lady (Miss Black) had dropped with the following sequences: love at first sight; engagement; marriage; and a christening at the City Temple in December.

the community hospital and in the great co-operative trading company which was to be founded. The emigrants were to be settled in groups corresponding with the localities from which they hailed in Britain. Barr had as his Aide-de-Camp one George Flamank and as his chief of staff Rev. George Exton Lloyd, now the well known and dynamic Anglican Bishop of Saskatchewan. None of the

of the Barr Colonists have remained and prospered.

High praise is given the older settlers of the West who nobly and unselfishly assisted the colonists and taught them to farm. The subject matter is interesting and it is unfortunate the faulty treatment detracts from the value of the book as a contribution to Canadian historical literature.

REGAL CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES

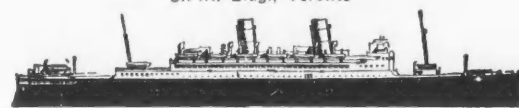
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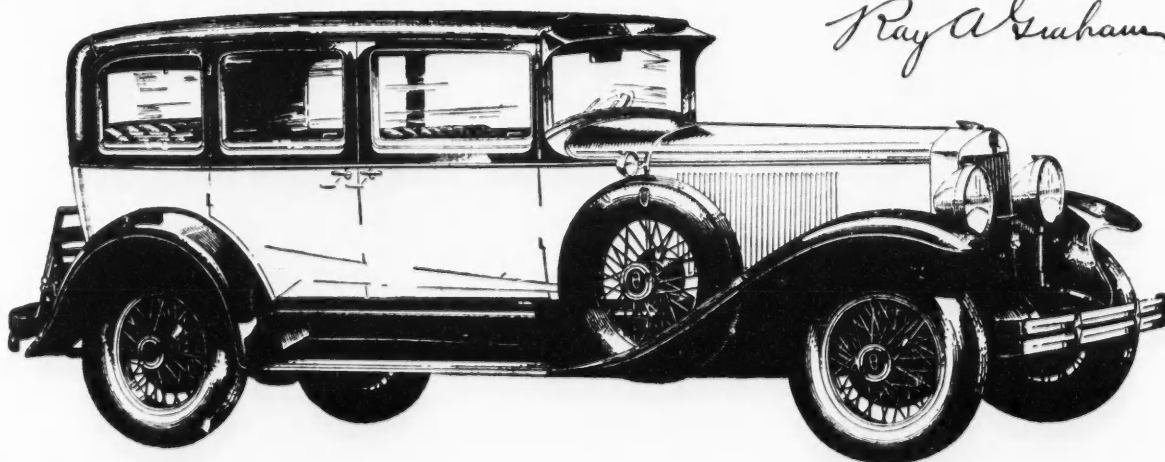
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SATURDAY NIGHT

WOMEN'S SECTION



TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 26, 1929

SUNLIGHT ON TAP

By P. O'D

THE new heliotherapy is upon us. Once upon a time the sun was a god, to be worshipped with fire and sacrifices on the high places. Later he dwindled to the position of a mere astronomical body, but still powerful and respected. It remained for modern times and the medical fads of the moment to make of him a panacea, a nostrum to be prescribed by doctors and sold in so many treatments. They have even invented substitutes for him, guaranteed to give a man sunburn and blisters on the back of his neck in the privacy of his own bedroom—if bedrooms can any longer be said to be private. It is a sad fall from glory, compared to which the plight of Kaiser Wilhelm cutting up firewood in the backyard at Doorn is almost in the nature of a promotion. Old Sol is being made to work for his living, as if shepherding the planets through the limitless fields of heaven, seeing that they didn't stray too far or get into one another's way, controlling the seasons, and warming and lighting the whole place up, were not enough for any one heavenly body, however energetic. But there you are—they have made him a medicine man as well.

A few years ago if you went to a doctor and told him that you were suffering from a swelling in your ankles, or palpitation of the heart at the sight of a pretty girl climbing into a street-car, or a tendency to burst into tears whenever your wife spoke to you, he punched you thoughtfully in the stomach a few times, and then rushed you off to the hospital and whipped out your appendix. In those happy days the only place where an appendix was considered really safe was in a bottle of alcohol, though there were some hardy fellows who managed to keep their appendices in alcohol without going to the trouble and expense of having them removed. Doctors as a body are said to have disapproved of this system, but some of them so far relented as to write out a good many prescriptions for patients who had adopted it.

A little later the medical profession undertook to cure most of the ills to which flesh is heir by snicking out people's tonsils. The mortality among tonsils became very high indeed, their disappearance coinciding miraculously with an outbreak of electric coups among surgeons and consultants generally. As patients still refused obstinately to get and stay well, doctors then turned their attention to teeth. For a while the air was full of flying molars, bicusps, and incisors, yanked rudely from their resting places, not because of the unpleasant commotion they caused there, but for all sorts of pains and aches in other parts of the body with which, so far as the harassed layman could see, they had very little to do. But ours not to reason why. Ours simply to take gas or ether or whatever the dentist had handy, and get on with the work of denudation.

Naturally this sort of thing had to come to an end sooner or later. After all, there is a limit to the available supply of appendices or tonsils or teeth in the world at any one time. Heaven only knows what the doctors would have decided to remove next—probably something we would really have missed—when, fortunately for us all, they discovered the therapeutic effects of sunshine. It has been a great relief. There is this, at least, to be said for sunshine—it is a genial remedy. No one can very well complain that it is nasty to take—not the natural variety, at any rate.

YOU can go now and explain to the doctor with complete frankness that whenever you try to do any work you get a feeling of tightness around the forehead, or that you can't play a full mashie shot without a sharp pain behind the ears. All he is likely to do—besides removing five dollars from one of your waistcoat pockets, where presumably it causes an unhealthy bulge—is to assure you that what you need is sunlight, more sunlight, blazing sunlight, applied directly to the pale and shrinking epiderm. And in default of the real article, as produced by the solar system, he will stand you up in front of his violet-ray apparatus, and play it on you like a luminous hose. That, of course, is much more expensive and not nearly so pleasant as the natural kind, but at least it is far better than to have him fiddle about thoughtfully among his knives and nippers, or prepare for you some horrid mixture that will take away your appetite and your thirst and your joy in life. So personally I am all for the sunlight treatment. It gives a new interest to visiting one's doctor—I am haunting mine in the hope that he will order me away somewhere where they really have a sun.

So far as one can judge from an anxious perusal of the public prints, it is the Germans who are largely responsible for the development of this new theory of healing. They appear to have taken it up with that earnestness and thoroughness which are such impressive, if unamiable features, of the Teutonic character. Every now and then I was thrilled last summer by the accounts of frantic struggles by the German police to round up parties of young people who, in the pursuit of health, had kicked their raiment under the hedges and gone gambolling down the highways in costumes which would have made the chorus of the Follies Bergères look like a party of Arctic explorers in their winter kit. It was even stated that it had been necessary to enroll a number of extra police in certain districts, but there was no hint that they had found any difficulty in getting recruits. One can only hope that they selected elderly married men, preferably those suffering from defective vision. One would not like to think of policemen discovering that they also were not feeling very well, and hanging their uniforms on the nearest fence in the great cause of health, and prancing down the road with nothing but their batons and the size of their boots to distinguish them from the other patients.

EVEN more interesting, because of the extraordinary possibilities it opened up, was a case which came before the courts of Munich only a few weeks ago. A local professor had fired his cook, and the lady had sued him for wrongful dismissal. Of course, it is only a Ger-

man professor who would dare fire his cook, but that is not the point. The amazing feature of the case was the explanation he gave for his heroic decision. He said that he had been forced reluctantly to dismiss the lady on account of her refusal to wear any clothes. He was careful to explain that not for a moment did he impute to her any designs of an unethical character. Except for her peculiar ideas on the subject of costume, she was in every respect a most commendable and decorous person. So much so, that the first time she brought him his breakfast in a rather startling dishabille, he did his best to conceal his embarrassment and said nothing to her about it. He thought that she had perhaps got up very late and, dressing in a hurry, had forgotten to put on most of the things that people usually put on before appearing in the dining-room. But when she turned up at lunch-time in even scantier apparel, he felt that something had to be done about it—ja wohl!

an enlightened and serious anticipation of the new cult of nudity, as practiced with the highest medical and social approval on half the beaches of southern Europe. Nero had nothing on the Lido—but then, of course, nobody has anything on, on the Lido.

TALKING of the Riviera—and naturally one seizes every opportunity of doing so, because of the *éclat* and *cachet* that go with the subject—I met up the other day with a bloated and pampered minion of fortune who usually spends his winters there. He was groaning about the weather, which was really rather good for this part of the world in winter—that is, the fog had lifted sufficiently to enable one to see almost across the street, and one's extremities were so pleasantly numb with cold that one was unconscious of the chilblains on them. He said he had just been to see the doctor.

Though some of the Gretchens weren't too bad," he added thoughtfully, in the interests of strict justice.

I tried not to think of that.

"Horrible!" I said. "Tell me more."

"Of course, there were lots of Italians and French people—oh, and a good many English and Americans, too."

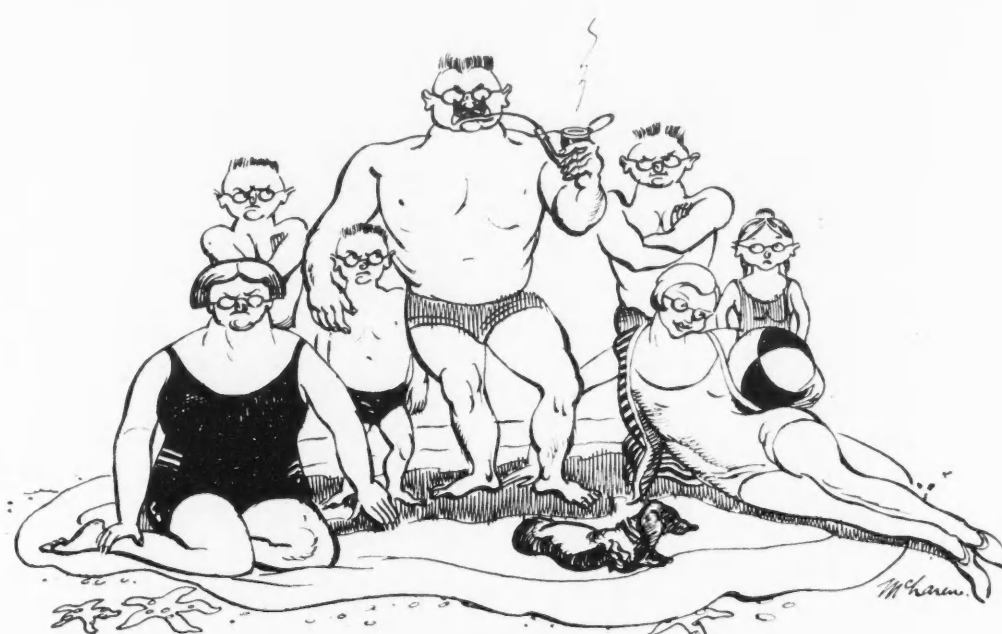
"I'll bet you didn't see any Canadians among them," I said sternly and proudly.

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "But then you know, old chap, it is very difficult to tell a Canadian from an Englishman or an American, when you have nothing to go by except the initials on his bath-towel."

Personally, I feel that I would know Canadians anywhere—even in a sun-bath—by their superior beauty and vitality and their air of intelligence and refinement. But I didn't argue the point. Some people get rather touchy when you explain these things to them.

"I don't wonder you were shocked and disgusted," I said. "I should think that anyone with a nice nature

It seemed to me that he grew a little embarrassed. "Well, it wasn't altogether that," he said. "You see, I rather overdid the sun-bathing the first few days, and I didn't have anyone to rub oil into me, and, my dear fellow, the way I swelled up and blistered..."



VATER, MUTTER AND ALL THE FAMILY.

So he took her rather sharply to task, the only result being that a few evenings later, when he had some friends in to dine with him, she appeared with practically nothing at all on. He said he found it very embarrassing, as naturally his friends could not be expected to know just how respectable his cook was.

The plaintiff who, it seems, was very large and serious and wore spectacles, admitted frankly her distaste for clothes as a stuffy anachronism, but did not see what that had to do with her efficiency as a cook and housekeeper. She was a member of one of the new health-bands, or sunshine leagues, or whatever they call them in Germany, and they were all sworn to do without clothes so far as the police regulations and the climate would permit—and then some. She reminded the court of the curative properties of sunshine, and she also tried to tell them something about a return to ancient ideals of simplicity and innocence. But the court stopped her right there—no court can be expected to have any patience with ideals of any kind.

Of course, she lost her suit. But then, to a person with her ideas about clothes, what are a few suits more or less? Almost nothing, she might well say, as she stuffed her wardrobe into her pocket-book preparatory to setting out for a new place. Besides, I don't really believe that she wanted to go on working for the old professor, anyway—narrow-minded old cross-patch! If she had any regrets, it was probably that she had not been born in the days of Nero and Heliogabalus, when employers had more liberal views on the suitable attire or absence of attire for their handmaidens.

Incidentally, is it not possible that report has been rather unfair to these ancient Roman personages? The orgies, which historians and novelists and film-producers have painted for us so lavishly and alluringly, may not have been orgies at all. They may merely have been

"This filthy weather plays the very dickens with my bronchial tubes," he explained.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing whatever wrong with his tubes, but you easily get that feeling if you own as many thousands of artificial-silk shares as that man does—probably the gilded fluff off them gets into the lungs. I made no pretence of sympathy.

"Been bribing the jolly old family physician to order you away again to some gilded haunt on the Mediterranean?" I asked.

He gave a hollow cough, but he shook his head firmly.

"Not the Mediterranean," he said. "Never again—I had enough of that last spring. Those sun-bathers, O good Lord!"

"Were they really very bad?" I inquired, with that tingling eagerness which even good men feel when they think they are going to hear something more than usually juicy and shocking.

He didn't do too badly, considering his limited powers of description, and I gathered that the beaches looked as if they had been invaded by hordes of blonde walruses, in all the various chromatic stages of turning from yellow or pink to brown, though, of course, a good many never got farther than a painful scarlet.

"When they weren't squirming about to get tanned all over," he said, "they were busy rubbing oil on one another."

"Awful! Mostly Germans, I suppose," said I, anxious to show that I already had some acquaintance with this subject of sun-bathing.

"The Germans were the worst," he agreed. "You see, they always bring their whole families with them, and you have no idea what a German family looks like with practically no clothes on—you know, vater and mutter and the Fritzes and Gretchens, all together."



MRS. GERALD GRIFFIN, OF WINNIPEG, WITH ANN AND BABY GAIL.

Villanelle

Girls and boys, come out to play
While yet the gilded meadows shine!
Too soon high summer fleets away.

While yet the elder blossoms stay
To drug the bees with aery wine,
Girls and boys, come out to play!

In feathered fields long swatches obey
The swinging scythe, dim line on line,
Too soon high summer fleets away!

Where soft in pools of shadow grey
The green oaks drown the sleepy kine,
Girls and boys, come out to play!

There stick with vetch and poppy gay,
Your leafy wreaths of twisted bine—
Too soon high summer fleets away!

Too soon doth rust the hawthorn spray,
Too soon doth drop the eglantine!
Girls and boys, come out to play—
Too soon high summer fleets away!

—Janthe Jerrold.

He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich, shall surely come to want.

—The Proverbs.

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The Onlooker in London

Record Price for Pictures

NO less a sum than £145,745 was taken for pictures at Christie's in a single day recently, and in many cases painters whose work has but recently attracted the collector made new and astonishing records. The chief collection in this sale was that of Captain T. A. Tatton, of Cuedon Hall, Preston, which alone brought £113,000. This magnificent collection, assembled by Captain Tatton's ancestor, Mr. Robert Townley Parker, included a masterly portrait of the

two mild sensations were capped by the sum of £150 paid for the typescript of "Shaw," a critical and analytical study by J. S. Collis, dated 1925. This typescript bore explanatory notes, corrections, and characteristic comments written by Shaw himself in pencil—Shaw on Shaw, so to speak.

But Dickens Scores

A LONG and characteristic letter from G. B. S. severely criticising a play as "all very fine and gaseous... a lazy muddle of telepathy go-



THE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND SPENDS THE HOLIDAY SEASON AT HOME.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister, spent his Christmas holidays with his family at his country seat at Astley Hall, Shropshire. Exclusive photograph taken on Boxing Day shows Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin with their daughters and grandchildren. Left to right—Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Huntington-Whiteley, Miss Betty Baldwin, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin. In front are Colin Munro, Hugo Huntington-Whiteley, grandchildren.

Marchioness Townshend by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a Vandyck portrait of a Genoese officer, each of which realised 12,500 guineas. Indeed, in little over half an hour, so high were the prices paid, that ten masterpieces brought in an average of £8,700 each. Among these were a Titian portrait of Daniello Barbare 7,200 guineas; Romney's portrait of Mrs. Warren, daughter of William Powell, the tragedian 5,800 guineas. The same figure was reached for Turner's painting of "Bonneville with Mont Blanc." Hoppner's portrait of Lady Charlotte Campbell realised 3,401 guineas, and four exceptionally fine examples of the work of Canaletto fetched £25,900, an average of £6,475. A century ago Canaletto's Venetian scenes could be bought for £40 to £50, and hitherto £2,000 has been considered a high price. Another portion of Captain Tatton's collection was his fine assembly of Turner drawings, 36 in all, beginning with the painter's first signed sketch at the age of 11 (which fetched 70 guineas) and ending with the magnificent "Rain at Sunset" that went to Messrs. Agnew at 7,900 guineas—easily a record for a drawing. These Turners alone realised £22,920. Other properties sold at Christie's included an outstanding work by Zoffany—a portrait group of a dozen persons, (the family of Sir William Young, 1763)—which brought the record price of 7,000 guineas. Lord Woolavington was again a keen competitor for sporting pictures, and he paid £2,100 for a picture of "Newmarket Heath," by John Wootton—a new record for this painter—while a couple of hunting scenes by J. N. Sartorius brought 3,100 guineas.

High Price for Modern Books

SUCH is the vogue for George Bernard Shaw in the literary world today that people who went to a sale of "rare and valuable books" at Hodgson's Auction Rooms in Chancery Lane expecting high prices to be realised for first editions of Dickens, Charles Lever, Harrison Ainsworth, Anthony Trollope, Lord Lytton, and other great Victorian writers, found instead that the most remarkable prices were paid for—Shaw. Volumes by literary giants of the past, bearing all the traces of venerable antiquity, realised unsensational prices compared with the sums realised by new-looking first editions of "G.B.S." For example, a slightly soiled first edition of "Three Plays for Puritans," "The Devil's Disciple," "Caesar and Cleopatra," and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion"—with an autograph letter from Shaw relating to the "extraordinarily successful performance" of the last-named play, and concluding with remarks on "The Devil's Disciple," who is "a simple Puritan with his doctrines turned inside out," which was published in 1901 at not more than six shillings, realised £28. Similarly a first edition of "Plays—Pleasant and Unpleasant" (a six shilling publication in 1898) realised £25. But these

ly approach of a policeman or two disturbs their sport, and they go on their way, still shaking fists and breathing revenge. The women are the most dangerous fighters, and much hair is pulled out before Sunday.

By two in the morning the streets are fairly quiet, and the lights over the river have dwindled; the barges go about their business darkly. Then, as the night wears on, traffic begins again—but a specialised traffic. With a loud jingling of harness the drays and carts go by on their way to Covent Garden, bearing their loads of fruit and vegetables. And when London may be supposed to sleep out come men with hose-pipes and wash the street till it shines like the Thames itself.

Illumined Age

Not deploring nor ignoring,
The sum of added years.
But, like a youth endued
With dignity, Serious
Just and kind. But apt
For the parry and the thrust.
No stale tales of piety proclaimed,
Nor wisdom from a dusty lore.
Undismayed by lengthening days
But lovely as roseate snow
Illumined by a golden light
From the descending sun.
Nightly with her armor doffed
Ready burnished for another day,
She dreams of Beauty
And finds it in the shadows
Tarrying through the sable hours.

—Ruth Johnston.

Covenanter's Death-Bed

"I canna dee, tho' I fain wud dee,
For I'm tired o' the world wide,
An' nae grave will ever be rest to me
But a grave on the green hillside.
Bury me deep on the Bannan Hill,
Whaur I may face the sea,
An' sleep a lang an' blessed sleep
Till Christ shall waken me."

George Douglas Brown,
Author of the House with
the Green Shutters.

While we ought to help lame dogs over stiles, we should not be expected to carry them on our backs to the next stile.—Prebendary Gough.

Street Lights in London

LONDON life has a singular variety, even to the wholly unadventurous observer. Needless to plunge into Limehouse for contrasts, the simple Strand is pulsating with excitement (I do not refer exclusively to daylight burglars), and I doubt not Tooting and Clapham have their own streaks of romance. The very cats in Kensington wear their fur with a different air from the cats, say, in Baron's Court; you hardly dare to mention a cold in the head in Harley Street. And obviously, to the tea taster, Soochong which has sojourned in a Hampstead store is distinct from the same article in Highgate.

But we need not go so far afield to savour the variety of London and her unexpectedness. I know a window near the Strand where you may sit all day and see a procession which lacks no element of excitement—except the daylight burglar. All day long the buses thunder by—ponderous six-wheeled buses running on their bellies, and common four-wheeled buses; taxis nose their way amongst the greater monsters; and now and then comes a dray with a Flemish horse, carrying anything from coal to cabbages.

Then suddenly there will be a clanging of bells; the ambulance passes by, or even a fire-engine. Once I remember, six fire-engines rushed to extinguish a fire on Waterloo Bridge of a size that might well have been contained in a domestic grate; delighted spectators greeted the last two arrivals with a cheer. And on a Sunday I have seen a herd of horses, tied nose to tail, walking down a Strand strangely empty and silent.

The strangest sights are at night. Saturday evening brings a crowd of wage-earners with wages to burn; and at eleven they begin their journey home, all very voluble and pugnacious. A fight divides the multitude into two camps, each encouraging its chosen hero, until the leisure-

FOR A WINTER HOLIDAY—TRY FLORIDA

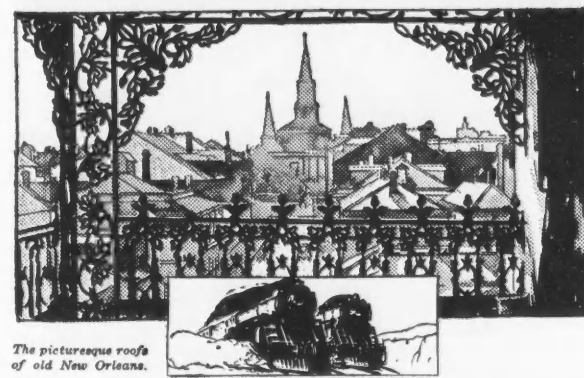
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These are but a few of the 76 advanced features which a million Super-Six owners are appraising in Essex the Challenger. Come examine and drive it. It will not only win your endorsement, but challenge your ownership interest against any value that motordom may offer.

Hear the radio program of the "Hudson-Essex Challengers" every Friday evening

\$840 AND UP

Coach	-	\$840	Standard Sedan	\$960
2-Pass. Coupe	-	840	Town Sedan	1025
Phaeton	-	840	Roadster	1025
Coupe	-	875	Convertible	
(with rumble seat)				
			Coupe	1080

All prices F. O. B. Windsor, Taxes Extra
Standard Equipment Includes: 4 hydraulic shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

GETTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER

EVERY woman likes it... while husbands work... a little Bridge... Contract... Auction... it doesn't matter, but what swaggers cards... Lotus Bridge... gleaming white... dainty... exquisitely fine to handle.

Then a little chat... five o'clock tea... Oh! what a delightfully pleasant way to spend an afternoon. Bridge is an antidote to loneliness.

You can buy Lotus Bridge Cards mostly anywhere.

Lotus BRIDGE PLAYING CARDS

A PRODUCT OF CANADIAN PLAYING CARD COMPANY LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Quickest Service to England

CANADA to England via the metropolis of New York. Leave home following day, shopping in New York... board "the longest gangplank in the world" of the "Ile de France," "Paris" or "France" on Friday at midnight... England, evening of the fifth day.

Ile de France, Feb. 2
Paris, Feb. 16

All the way over marvelous meals, traditional French Line service, interesting companions. At Plymouth... a crack 4-hour Pullman boat-train waiting for London. Or on to Havre the morning of the sixth day... a boat-train... 3 hours... Paris.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 53 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ont.

CAT FIVE O'CLOCK

with

Jean Graham

THE DAWNING DAY.
So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
At night doth return.

Behold it aforeside
No eyes ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—Thomas Carlyle.

WHEN in doubt as to where to spend a holiday, I always choose Hamilton. Hence when I grew tired of that after-Christmas feeling which seemed to be affecting Toronto, and a silver-haired fairy whispered "come to



BILLY
Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Belt, of
Grafton, Ontario.
Photo by Skitch, Cobourg.

Hamilton," I responded with a glad "I will." Hamilton has, for many a day, been called "the Ambitious City". However, it deserves almost every other adjective. Among others, it deserves "hospitality", for no other city excels it in welcoming the visitor. The citizens of Hamilton are patriotic, generous and possess a large amount of that useful quality known as initiative. The Hamilton women are especially energetic and resourceful. Years ago, it is said, a deputation of Hamilton men approached the Ontario government with a petition for a grant towards carrying out a local project. The late Mr. C. C. James, who was a happy mixture of culture and agriculture, was then Deputy Minister, and his advice was asked concerning the grant.

"Are the Hamilton women going to help you in this?" was the only question he asked the deputation.

"Why, certainly," was the reply. "Then," said Mr. James to a cabinet minister, "we'd better give the grant, for Hamilton women succeed in anything they undertake."

Hamilton, though living up to its name, "ambitious", is not forgetful of old days, and I found in the "Herald" a most entertaining account of the recent sale of four of Hamilton's ancient coaches. Just here I am going to quote from the story of what followed the sale.

A couple of nights later a melancholy sight was observed by a well-known Hamilton lady. About ten o'clock along a quiet street in the southwest end of the city, a dejected little procession rumbled its way along under the dismal gleam of the street lights. It was the four auctioned carriages making their exit from life. An automobile pulled them ungentle and another one followed behind, as if to prod the poor old creaking things



KENNETH
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Armstrong
Haun, of Dunnville, Ontario.



along. They had all seen "better days" — like those genteel poor who are always to be found amongst us — decayed gentilefolk whose shabby and antiquated dress cannot disguise their good breeding. "They looked like lambs going to the slaughter," said this lady, who saw through a misty eye all the days of her youth pass in review. She recalled to mind the customs of a more tranquil and more picturesque age . . . she saw in her mind's eye some bright spring morning when the first tender green leaves were sprouting on the tress along the Hamilton streets and the sun sparkled down on the sidewalks and on the ladies with their wasp waists and piled hair and hats with magnificent plumage . . . she felt herself again spanking down town in a smart phaeton or perched adventurously in a high dog cart . . . she saw the dear friends, so many now dead, bowing to her from behind their coachmen, for this was a period in which gentlemen and ladies went at a more leisurely pace and were able to pass the time of day with each other as their carriages rolled by!

And when winter came round, what a picturesque and delighted scene the snow-piled streets of Hamilton then presented! There must sound in the ears of many an old Hamiltonian the tranquil cadence of the horses' hoofs and the sweet and pleasant jingle of the sleigh bells of those Christmases that are no more!

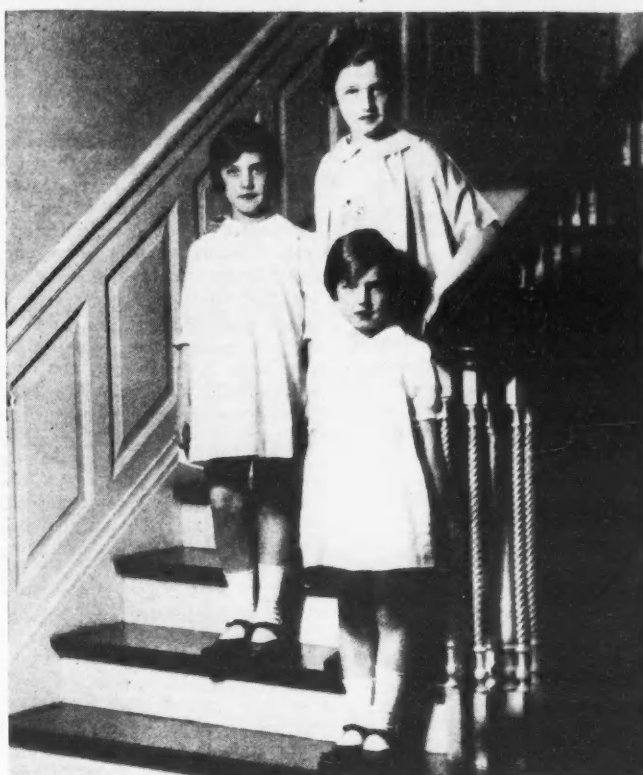
Such was the pleasant page on "The Days before Yesterday," with a charming quotation from Charles Dickens and another from George Barron. The reminiscences of the days when stately drives and leisurely walks were in fashion made me suddenly rejoice that our good friend the horse has not yet passed away — and, glory be — the Woodbine is only four months away!

BUT to return to our Hamilton and its kindly citizens! One of the finest projects ever undertaken by Hamiltonians is the Mountain Sanatorium, where hundreds of sufferers are nursed back every year to health and strength. Business men who realize that health is one of a city's greatest assets are on the board — and, of course, there is a board of as capable women as may be found, presided over by a charming officer, Mrs. George Lowe. It was my good fortune, on



MARGARET JEAN
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Blacklock, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Blacklock, of Regina, Sask.

the morning of January 14th, to attend the annual meeting of this Ladies' Auxiliary Board and to listen to the most encouraging reports of work being done. The report for December, 1928, shows over three hundred patients in residence, from communities all over Ontario, from Aldershot to Winona. So, this Mountain Sanatorium gives aid to the whole province, and, for more than a score of years has been ministering to those stricken by tuberculosis — the White Plague. Most of us can remember the time when a patient suffering from this disease was regarded as a hopeless invalid and was shut in an ill-ventilated room, while fresh air seemed to be regarded as poison. Science has changed all that and tuberculosis is now regarded as distinctly curable. Fresh air, sunlight and nourishing food have worked what our fathers would have regarded as miracles. Those who know the Mountain at Hamilton (which an untruthful person once called a "mere bluff") can realize what a boon a residence in that air and with that view of orchards and blue bay water. It would be a stubborn invalid, indeed who would refuse to recover with such environment. It is especially interesting to note that



AMY, ELAINE AND ETHEL
Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Enterby, of 504 Mountain Avenue,
Westmount.

many young children are treated in this institution and go forth in good condition to fight the battle of life. There is much in our modern "progress" which hardly deserves that name; but surely this work of vanquishing disease and inspiring the afflicted with hope and courage is something of which our century may be proud.

As I listened to the various reports and scanned the record of work accomplished, I recalled a certain bright spring morning when a Hamilton friend drove me to the "San", which had been recently opened by His Excellency, Earl Grey, and showed me its

equipment for the comfort and healing of Canadian citizens. Many years have gone by since then, and the good accomplished in this beautiful home has far outstripped the fondest hopes of the founders. A score of years has passed since that day of fragrant blossoms and budding hopes. The friend has passed to a higher service; but thousands have had reason to bless the courage and sympathy which inspired Marion Elizabeth Crevar.

Fresh air in the room, a comfortable bed with a soft, low pillow, and warm feet are a doctor's suggested safeguards against sleeplessness.

The records of the Edinburgh Juvenile Courts show that, out of 733 committed on Sunday. Next came Wednesday with 100, and Saturday with 95. crimes investigated, 257 were com-

The pleasant, comfortable route to NEW YORK



When you travel by the smooth water level route of the New York Central you enjoy a good night's rest and arrive at Grand Central Terminal — in the heart of New York — at the start of the business day. Or, if you leave in the morning on the famous *Empire State Express*, you will enjoy a marvelous scenic treat and be in New York the same night.

	Niagara	Maple Leaf	Empire State Exp.
Lv. Toronto	5:00 p. m.	7:45 p. m.	9:30 a. m.
Lv. Hamilton	6:10 p. m.	8:55 p. m.	10:40 a. m.
Ar. New York	7:15 a. m.	9:30 a. m.	10:10 p. m.

RETURNING
Lv. Grand Central Terminal (New York)
8:30 a. m., 6:30 p. m., or 8:35 p. m. every day

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CANADIAN PACIFIC NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Now — A MATTRESS THAT IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL

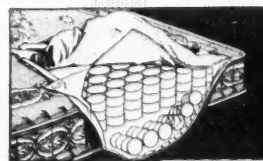
Luxurious Comfort



The new
Beautyrest
— in rich
damask covers

Woven in dainty
designs. — No
seams, except at
the edge, and
these are covered
with a taped
border.

Hundreds of sensitive little
coil springs buried between
layers of pure new cotton are
permanently attached to the
firm pocket edge created by
Simmons and found only on
Beautyrest; ventilated side-
walls, Rich Jacquard Damasks
now cover the new
Beautyrest. . . . \$39.50



Amazing Beauty

THE first glimpse of this mattress in your furniture store will tell you that here for the first time is a mattress that is really beautiful.

But when you test its resiliency, when you stretch out at full length on its surface, when you sleep on it for a week, you will conclude as others have done that your sleep has never really rested you before.

The interior of this mattress is made up of hundreds of up-right little coils of tempered steel. Above and below these coils are layers of fine new cotton.

The new "pocket edge" allows the coils to come right out to the sides and ends of the mattress. This edge will never mat down or become rounded. It gives the same resiliency on the sides and ends of the mattress as in the middle.

The new Beautyrest is the best mattress value obtainable anywhere, combining, as it does, beauty, comfort and long years of service.

Now on display at all the better stores, \$39.50

BEAUTYREST
MATTRESS
Built by Simmons

Youth
—develop and hold its glorious freshness until youth is but a memory.

Retain its soft, smooth extraneous beauty over the years to come. Check the wrinkles and flabbiness and keep the appearance of youth with you always thru

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM
Made in White - Flesh - Rachel
Send for Trial Size
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal

Have you a Prima Donna complexion?



FROSTY weather causes some complexions to develop temperamental tendencies. Today, they reflect the petal smoothness of health—tomorrow, they're rough and chapped....

If you've an operatic complexion, Frostilla is just meant for you. Its instant touch soothes and comforts. Tired skins perk up—color glows—satiny smoothness is quickly regained. There are marvelous properties in this famous lotion. Try it for all forms of irritation caused by exposure.... Use it as a powder base.

Frostilla is sold in 50c and \$1 sizes—new, beautiful, blue-labelled bottles. We'll gladly send an attractive, handy sample FREE on request. Dept. S 10-B, The Frostilla Co., Toronto, Canada. Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto.

FROSTILLA

For Exposed and Irritated Skin

Charleston Fascinating Resort of the Old South
FORT SUMTER HOTEL

Superbly situated on the Battery overlooking gardens, harbor and Atlantic Ocean. Fireproof. Every room with private bath.

GOLF-HUNTING FISHING YACHTING

On the Atlantic Coastal Highway
WILLARD A. SENNA
Manager
Charleston, S. C.



nurses know

Capable—and careful—the trained nurse administers out comfort. If there is pain, she gives a tablet to relieve it. That tablet is Aspirin. Experience has taught her it is quickest. The doctor has told her it is quite harmless. So it is safe to use in everyday life, any time you have an ache or pain. Take Aspirin at the first sign of a headache, cold, neuralgia, etc. Don't wait until the suffering has become severe. Be sure, though, to get Bayer. There is only one genuine Aspirin.



THE DRESSING TABLE

By Valerie



AFTER weeks of mild would-be winter weather, with grey skies and light showers predominating, we awoke one morning to discover a snow-wreathed city, with noiseless streets and trees in the park wearing robes of pearls. What a fairyland world it was, which Jack Frost had transformed in a night to a land of white magic. The ordinary poles, so essentially commercial and useful, had become tall white columns, stately and dream-like. It was a beautiful world and we walked in it, forgetful of the summertime, because

reflections by an English authority on this very timely subject:

Colds are produced by microbes which invade the nose and throat. It is almost impossible for people living in towns to avoid these germs, which are spread by many kinds of infected articles, like toys, towels, sponges, pillows, handkerchiefs, and so on. Any close contact with such things or with individuals enables the germs to pass from one victim to the next, and any sufferer who has just sneezed, coughed, expectorated, or even merely spoken, contaminates the air



FROM PARIS

A charming model for the Riviera. The crown is of cire lace and pastel shades and the brim of navy straw.

there were frost flowers on all hands. In the afternoon, we decided that a white walk was a necessity, for we were feeling dull and our complexion had a certain drabness that only the fresh air would drive away. So, over to Rosedale we went, where Jack Frost had been doing his fairest work, strewing the ravine with sprays of white and softening every outline until the houses looked like palaces in a dream and the trees were a forest just walked out of a fairy tale. We returned from that walk with a high heart, ready for adventure;—and the mirror showed us that the drab complexion had vanished.

But, of course, there is a flaw, even in a walk through the snow with ice-palaces on either hand. When you come to examine the state of your face and hands you find that they are rough and chapped. Jack Frost has got in his deadly work once more, and has made us almost regret that stroll through a frost-touched ravine. But there is balm in Gilead and healing for the winter pedestrian. Science has kindly and practically come to our aid once more and provided a bewildering variety of creams and lotions to soften the skin that Jack Frost has roughened. We may even resort to the preparation recommended and used by our grandmothers:—equal parts of glycerine and rose water to which two or three drops of carbolic acid have been added. Or, if you prefer something more modern, you have a multitude of creams and lotions, from white to rose-coloured, which will restore Milady's skin to smoothness. Just as in the summer we considered a day on the beach, with the sand and the sun, quite worth the tan or the sunburn, so, on a winter's day, we consider the roughness of skin quite a small price to pay for a walk in Jack Frost's domain.

OF COURSE, since the beginning of the year, colds have been very generally discussed. Here are some

for a considerable distance around him.

Though none of us can absolutely avoid infection, we can set up within our bodies a very effective resistance to it. In short, we can escape any really serious effects by "keeping fit". Indeed, there is no other way.

The full significance of this form of insurance against colds was shown in a phenomenal way by the results of a gigantic experiment covering the whole of Denmark during the war. The Danish Food Controller, Dr. Hindhede, simply secured to the people a form of diet which proved ideal for their health.

Knowing that much of the best parts of the nation's foods were given to the pigs and cattle, Dr. Hindhede ordered the slaughter of a large proportion of the livestock, and supplied the people with wholemeal bread to which a certain quantity of bran had been added, and with fruits, vegetables, and dairy produce. The result was that the mortality figure in Denmark from all diseases was reduced to the lowest ever known, and the vitality and power of resistance to disease on the part of the community at large was so greatly improved that the death rate from influenza in Denmark did not exceed the normal, while in other countries it reached the high rate of 25 per thousand.

In addition to the evidence of this remarkably large-scale demonstration, countless individuals in this country can testify to the efficacy of a right diet which maintains the healthy condition, in enabling them to maintain almost perfect immunity from colds and influenza. All other means of avoiding or minimising infection are purely subsidiary to this.

Such means include keeping your rooms cool, dry, and well-ventilated. Sleep with the bedroom windows open, but do not allow a direct draught upon the head and neck. Remember that sunlight kills germs, if it does not pass through ordinary glass, and it also raises our bodily resistance.

Dressing Table Coupon

Readers who wish to avail themselves of the advice of this department should enclose this coupon with their letters—also a stamped and addressed envelope. Write on one side of the paper and limit enquiries to two in number.

Accustom your skin to cool air and water, taking outdoor exercise lightly clad and avoiding scarves, wraps, and heavy overcoats. But avoid sitting in a draught or a cold place after exercise. Breathe through the nose. Deep-breathing exercises each morning are invaluable. If you suffer persistently and currently from colds and catarrh, have your nose and throat examined, or consult your doctor to see whether some underlying defect exists.

Indigestion and constipation seriously weaken resistance, and leave you a prey to germs. Again, therefore, attend to your diet. Eat wholesome bread, raw fruit, raw salads, green vegetables, rye bread, and fresh butter freely.

From birth up to middle-age, when the health is perfect, there should be a steady rate of increasing weight, varying from ten pounds between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five and two pounds from forty-five to fifty-five. After that a slight decrease is the ideal. Any disproportionate increase is a serious menace, and leads to what Dr. Arnold Lorrain, of Carlsbad, has called "a life shortening habit". When the big life insurance companies rank cases of over-weight in the same class as serious heart disease, we may be sure that Dr. Lorrain's definition is thoroughly justified. The priceless gift of good health cannot be attained by anyone suffering from excessive fat.

The main reason for this condition is eating more than is necessary. Once the full growth of the body is reached the main use for food is to produce heat or energy.

Now the first rule in the reduction of fat and avoidance of obesity is the reduction in the total amount eaten. This is quite easily accomplished by cutting out of the diet, as far as practicable, all concentrated foods. The following are the concentrated foods: sugar, jam, honey, chocolate, butter, dry cereal foods, biscuits, toast, bread, cakes, and all sweetened foods. These contain from fifty to one hundred per cent. of solid matter. The most suitable foods for preventing over-weight are those containing seventy-five to ninety-five per cent. of water, such as lettuce, green vegetables, fruit, milk, eggs, and stout people should eat plenty of these foods.

THE use of rouge is so general and its application has become such a fine art these days that the woman who slaps on her make-up without due consideration of its effect is so primitive she should not make up at all, says an expert on skin protection.

The Parisienne perhaps goes a little too far with her ten or twelve different shades of rouge, but certainly the same rouge is not effective with all gowns or at all times of day. For example, those lovely shades of dark red material so becoming to older women tend to make one look pale, while greens bring out the rosiness of one's skin. Grey frocks call for a brilliant make-up and beige for the deeper shades of rouge. The Frenchwoman who fancies herself in black uses that mandarin or orange-toned rouge that looks so appalling in its little container and so well on the skin—and she uses very little of it. But if she wears a white frock she puts more colour on her cheeks.

Time was when most women used rouge only at night, but now a touch in the morning or afternoon is regarded as essential, and here again its application should be studied. Is there anything more appalling than these daylight dinners with women in low-necked frocks and made up as if they were to be protected by soft artificial light instead of exposed to the cruel glare of the last of the daylight?

A safe rule is to place the rouge rather high on the cheek-bone and rub



A SMART SPORTS DRESS
By Schiaparelli, in black and white mixture, with tiny pleats making a smart effect in the skirt.

ASHES OF ROSES BOURJOIS

A
Rose Petal Touch for your Skin

The velvet softness of a rose petal... its natural loveliness... are matched by the skin that is beautified by Bourjois Ashes of Roses Face Powder... finer than the powder from a butterfly's wing.

Imperceptibly it blends with your natural coloring, enhancing the attractiveness of each feature. And its flower fragrance delights the senses. It is the charm of exquisite femininity.

Seek it at the better shops. Know it by its distinguished leatherette boxes and dainty Parisian Compacts.

ASHES of ROSES FACE POWDER
PERFUME • ROUGES
CREAMS • LIPSTICKS

An enchanting ensemble for those who value personal daintiness.
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED
MONTREAL

"GOOD-BYE, WRINKLES"

Many a fair lady's face shows wrinkles before she needs to have them. Sometimes anxiety, social strain, or poor health will cause premature wrinkles. But it is not necessary to have wrinkles. Hiscott Treatments will remove them and so soften the skin, they will not come again for a long time, if you keep up the treatments.

Princess Skin Food

This is the matchless preparation which when fed to the skin according to instructions, will remove Wrinkles, Sallowness, Hollows in the face and neck, will firm up the flabby muscles, and bring a look of brightness and freshness to the face. Sent to any address with full instructions on receipt of price, \$1.50.

SUPERFLOUS HAIR, WARTS AND MOLES
PERMANENTLY REMOVED BY ELECTROLYSIS
Write for Booklet "X" FREE. Particulars on Request

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LIMITED 616 College St., Toronto, Ont.



"I can date the Change in his AFFECTIONS from that Night..."

Read what a lovely girl has written me.
Wouldn't you like to make as wonderful a discovery?
By MME. JEANNETTE DE CORDET

"FORGIVE me if I reveal things that an utter stranger should hesitate to write to you. But you have helped me to happiness. Until a month ago Ed treated me just as he did many other girls on whom he occasionally called. He was courteous; but I never really meant anything to him.

"Then you gave me some advice. Through a Pompeian advertisement you told me where true beauty lay, and just how to discover and accentuate it. The words that particularly caught my attention were: 'You are a type. Which type depends—not upon the color of your hair and eyes—but upon the tone of your skin.' You said you would send a Booklet and Sampler, showing the shades of Pompeian Powder and Pompeian Bloom that have been blended for all the varied types; so that I could see the exact shade of each that my coloring calls for. Eagerly I sent for them...

Here's the same help for YOU

"Would you believe it? I can honestly date the change in Ed's affections from the night they arrived. 'You were never so lovely. What is it?' What joy to hear this from Ed's lips! But I didn't tell..."

Women everywhere are finding admiration... happiness... love... through these two amazing little guides to beauty. In the booklet are enchanting colored drawings of all types of beauty. Yours is among them... In the sampler, glittering glass tubes contain five exquisite shades of Pompeian Powder. One of these shades—the booklet tells you which—holds new beauty magic just for you. Examine it. Feel its smooth richness. Made from the finest ingredients, Pompeian Beauty Powder is textured to give a satin finish and cling for hours. Your shade, with a glowing touch of Pompeian Bloom, will bring out your type—add to your skin a translucent loveliness... a new beauty... a radiance... you never dreamed you had.

For you—this booklet that shows your type. This sampler with your shade of powder. Send today for my little wonder-workers. Let them do for you what they've done for thousands of others. They're sent merely to help you the mailing cost.

Send today for my little wonder-workers. Let them do for you what they've done for thousands of others. They're sent merely to help you the mailing cost.



Mme. Jeannette, Pompeian Company, Dept. B 208, 64 Natalie St., Toronto, Ont.
Please send me your Beauty Sampler and booklet, 'Your Type of Beauty.' I enclose the coin or stamps for packing and postage.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER AND BLOOM WHEREVER FINE TOILETRIES ARE SOLD



Spun Gold

Fair hair becomes spun gold when washed with Evan Williams "Camomile", the safe Shampoo. There is an Evan Williams Shampoo for every shade of hair at your druggist.

Imported from England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMER LIMITED
MONTREAL

Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO

it toward the outer corner of the eye, but if your face is too round and full you can make it look a little longer by placing the rouge under the eye and a little toward the nose. Another method is to follow the line of your natural colour as far as you can, and if you have successfully attained a healthy, youthful look don't forget to touch the lobes of the ears, for if they are left a sickly white they rather give away that look of fitness.

The use of lip rouge has gone so far with many women that it is no longer an effort to give the lips a healthy colour and softness, it is now a particular sort of adornment. Some of the lip rouge used bears no relation to anything in nature, and it is splashed on all soft and greasy, sometimes making the mouth like a great lacquer-red gash and occasionally even staining the teeth. And very often it will make a quite young girl look years older and more sophisticated than she is. To the older woman it is far more

dangerous than rouge, and yet a little of it, just the right shade and judiciously applied, is so becoming.

Correspondence

Louise. I should not care to use the preparation to which you refer. You cannot be too careful about any preparation used for the eyes. It would be well to consult the specialist who has already been treating the eyes. Of course the advertisement will tell you that your eyes will receive great benefit from this preparation, but it is necessary to be on your guard, so far as the eyesight is concerned. Great harm has



A SMART COMBINATION
A frock of bronze chiffon, with three uneven godet frills and wide diamante belt.

been done sometimes by using a much heated preparation of which nothing is known scientifically. So, if you wish to preserve your eyesight, be most careful about a lotion or wash advertised to heal or improve eye afflictions. As for the other matter, you are already following an excellent course and should find all conditions satisfactory. I have sent you the name of the bleaching cream—which many have found just what they wanted. It is \$1.25, is pleasantly perfumed and lasts for quite a while. Good luck to your efforts in beauty research!

Imothy. Of course you are disgusted when your hair begins to fall; but if you have suffered from an attack of the flu, you cannot expect anything else. The flu seems to have an especial spite against the crown of glory and to insist on its descent. So you will need all your powers of perseverance if you are to win in the fight. However, a shining and luxuriant crown of glory is worth the effort. In the first place, it is necessary to use a good hair tonic, and to persist in its use for many nights. You cannot expect to see an improvement at once; but, if you will only keep on, you will be rewarded. I have sent you a prescription which has been of benefit to others—and I hope you will find it a friend. Only, I do not guarantee its merits.

Clara. I am sure that you appreciate all the good things Santa Claus brought for your dressing table. The cream you mention is quite reliable and you will probably benefit from its use. There has been a great deal of foolish talk about the "harmfulness" of cosmetics. A cosmetic is merely a preparation used for beautifying the skin. Science has come to the aid of womanhood, and the modern cream or lotion is the last word in scientific improvement of feminine charm. Nothing is more attractive in woman than a clear and fresh complexion, and you are quite right to strive for such an attraction. Diet, of course, has something—a great deal, in fact—to do with it. Take a glass of orange juice in preference to tea or coffee and have a fruit dessert rather than pie or ice cream. Lettuce, tomato and celery are all better than heavy or rich dishes—and you will find your skin improving and your weight decreasing as you devote yourself to fruit and vegetables.

Isabel. The small affliction to which you refer is probably a touch of neuritis which is as distressing as any small ailment can be. I am sending you the name of a preparation which is excellent in such a case, and in the meantime you might give the suffering spot a firm but gentle rubbing with camphorated oil. It is a good old remedy which has by no means lost its power. As for the sunburn, which obstinately refuses to leave, there are such old-time remedies as buttermilk and diluted lemon juice. Then, an English authority vouches for the following: peroxide, two tablespoonfuls; Epsom salts, one tablespoonful; white wine vinegar, one tablespoonful; juice of half a lemon. Dissolve and shake well. Apply and let dry into the skin—then wipe off. It is a long fight sometimes to get rid of sunburn or freckles.

However, under systematic and determined treatment, they will eventually disappear and leave your face quite fair. And next summer, of course, you are going to be more careful.

Milady's Handbag

By Paulette

THE craze nowadays is for bags to match clothes. Handbags have altered considerably in shape and are more attractive and delightful than ever they were. There are fewer pochettes and even these are designed differently.

Women can no longer manage with two bags, one for day and one for evening. Bags must match costumes, be they sports or afternoon clothes. For evening the bag should match the frock, or make a striking contrast to it. Or again, it can be of the same colour as the belt, shoes, flowers, fan, shawl or scarf. When more than one colour is used for the dress, discretion is needed when choosing the evening bag so that one of the colours of the dress is not over-emphasized by repeating it on the bag.

A hexagonal black antelope bag has a hexagonal frame of tortoise-shell which also forms the handle. Three sides of this frame are set squarely into the leather bag, leaving a hexagonal opening so that the bag can be carried on the arm.

Antelope is used for another bag which is pentagonal in shape. This bag broadens out into a peak on either side and then comes into a shallow peak at the bottom. A finely cut marcasite mount is shaped into a peak on the bag and the handle is a strap of the antelope leather.

An attractive bag of the pochette variety is made of dull polished leather. It takes the form of half a circle with the sides cut straight towards the top. The flap takes the same shape as the bag and is three-quarters of the bag in length. A lovely clasp with a tongue-shaped piece of white alabaster has a bar of crystals at its top.

Almost a square, but a little longer at the sides than at the top and bottom, is an afternoon bag of black moire silk. The mount has a narrow bar of marcasite running straight across the top and fastened with a square clasp of marcasite.

Belts, too, can be made to match handbags. A decorative belt two inches in width is composed of oval sequins in alternate colours, in silver and gold, or in black and white, sewn on elastic. These sequins give the effect of scales. Clasps made of wrought metal fasten the belt, being toned and shaded to match the colours of the sequins.

A lovely evening bag that would accompany most evening frocks is hexagonal in shape. It is of silver lamé embroidered with seed pearls on a chased silver frame. A silver chain threaded with seed pearls and twisted into a cord does duty for a strap.

To match this bag there are a twisted bracelet and necklace of seed pearls. These are arranged so that the middle of both bracelet and necklace is of considerable thickness which tapers off to almost a single seed pearl at the clasps. The barrel-like clasps are of chased silver.

Approaching Venice

As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveler had just left sank behind him



A SPORTS TAILLEUR
For the Riviera by Jenny, in light Praline crepe de chine with latest type of sweater coat in blending tones.

into one long, low, sand-colored line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows; but, at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of Argua rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon; two or three smooth surges of inferior hill extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Venezia, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north—a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of Cadore, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, where the sun struck opposite upon its snow into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the barred clouds of evening one after another, countless, the crown of the Adriatic Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them, to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles of Murano, and on the great city, where it magnified itself along the waves, as the quick, silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer.—John Ruskin.

A beetle, thousands of years old, was found perfectly preserved among the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy.



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Announcements
BIRTHS - ENGAGEMENTS
MARRIAGES - DEATHS
\$1.00 PER INSERTION
All Notices must bear the Name and Address
of the Sender

BIRTHS
WORTHINGTON—On Thursday, Jan-
uary 14th, to Captain and Mrs. F. F.
Worthington, P.C.C.I., Fort Osborne
Barracks, Winnipeg, a daughter.

MARRIAGES
On Monday, January 14th, in Christ
Church, Gananoque, the marriage of
Agnes Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. G. L. Johnston, to Mr. D. Ford
Jones, was quietly celebrated. The Rev.
Canon Croghan, Rector of the parish,
was the officiating clergyman.



A reception in Government House, Ottawa, through the graciousness of the Governor-General and Lady Willingdon, will follow the wedding of Lucy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Crowdy, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, to the Hon. J. Kenneth Weir, elder son and heir of Eastwood, Renfrewshire, Scotland. The invitations are to be issued shortly and the marriage will take place on March 2 in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, at 2.15 p.m. The young couple will receive in the magnificent ballroom of Rideau Hall, with Their Excellencies beside the newly wedded couple. Receiving with them also will be Mr. and Mrs. James P. Crowdy, parents of the bride, and Dame Rachel Crowdy, aunt of the

and Power and his son, Mr. G. H. Power, Jr., from Quebec.

Mrs. R. L. Innes, of Hamilton, Ontario, and Miss Katharine Innes recently left for California to spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Casey Wood, of Toronto, recently spent a few days in New York.

Miss Josephine Brouse, of Toronto, left last week to sail for the South of France.

The President and members of the Recreation Club of the Bank of Nova Scotia will hold their annual dance in

Mrs. Burton Harris, of Toronto, entertained at luncheon on Tuesday of last week for the principals, patrons and members of the American Opera Company. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Ross received in the Grey Drawing-room, Mrs. Ross wearing a becoming gown of beige lace with black georgette overdress, pearl necklace, and beige slippers. Col. Fraser and Captain Robertson were in attendance. In the State drawing-room Miss Isobel Ross and Miss Susan Ross, Mrs. F. N. G. Starr and Mrs. W. Baker entertained the visitors. Miss Isobel Ross was smart in a black frock with gold embroidery. Mrs. Starr was in black charmeuse with black and gold hat, and wore silver fox furs. Mrs. Barker wore a draped black satin gown and black and blue velvet hat. Mr. Landers, Lieut. James Edgar and Capt. Medland looked after the comfort of the visitors. The members of the American Opera Company present included Mr. O'Connell, Miss Doreen Davidson, Miss Brownie Peebles, Miss Winifred Goldsborough, Miss Louise Richards, Miss Natalie Hall, Miss Bellina Hall, Mr. Cecil Sherman, Mr. Allan Barr, Mr. Norman Obery, Mr. Charles Hedley, Mr. Geoffrey Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Sherman, Mr. Jack Guernsey, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert. Other guests were, Mrs. H. J. Fisk, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Eaton, Mrs. Lionel Clarke, Sir Thomas and Lady White, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mrs. W. T. Carrington, Miss Nan Huston, Mrs. J. H. Gundy, Col. and Mrs. George Nasmith, Mrs. Richard Southam, Col. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Ottawa, Mrs. C. E. Burden, Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Mrs. Wilfred Heighington, Lady Ballie, Madame Rocherham de la Sabliere, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Sir Edward Kemp, Hon. W. H. Price, Mrs. Price, Mrs. C. S. McKee, Mrs. A. W. Austin, Miss Almee Gundy, Mrs. Adele Boulton, Mrs. John Garvin, Madame Barranco, Mr. Emil Sauer, Mrs. Sauer, Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Mrs. J. S. Bennett, Mrs. Doris Hambourg, Dr. and Mrs. T. D. Archibald, Mrs. J. J. Ashworth, Miss Mona Bates, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gooderham, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Macmillan, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mrs. George Dickson, Mr. C. A. Bogert, Mrs. Clifford Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Smith, Miss Jean Macpherson, Miss Elisabeth Laidlaw, Mrs. Grenville Rolph, Mrs. James Worts, Mrs. Peter Reid, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. George Locke, Miss Ethel Shephard.

Mrs. E. Baird Ryckman, of Walmer Road, Toronto, and Miss Barbara Ryckman left this week on the Mediterranean cruise.

Mrs. W. T. Carrington, who has been visiting in Toronto, left on Wednesday of last week for New York.

Mrs. Douglas Hallam, of Toronto, was a luncheon hostess at the Embassy Club, Bloor Street, on Friday of last week.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Peuchen, of Toronto, Mr. Alan Peuchen and Mrs. H. C. Leffroy and her two sons left on Tuesday of this week for the West Indies. They will return to Toronto early in April.

The marriage of Miss Lucy Crowdy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Crowdy, of Ottawa, to Hon. J. Kenneth Weir, son of Lord and Lady Weir, of Eastwood, Renfrewshire, Scotland, will take place in Ottawa, on Saturday, March 2.

Miss Eleanor Snelgrove, of Toronto, entertained at bridge on Friday last for Miss Sheila Lee, who leaves next week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lee, on the Mediterranean trip.



MISS GWENDOLYN BELL
Debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bell, of Homewood Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.
—Photo by Annie G. Mulholland

bride. Hon. Mr. Weir will reach Ottawa on February 16, while his mother, Lady Weir, will come to the city the end of February. On February 16, Dame Rachel Crowdy will sail from England. At the ceremony there will be in attendance on the bride, Hon. Elspeth Weir, only sister of the bridegroom, and little Miss Anne Bethune, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bethune, will be a small attendant. By an interesting coincidence, Mrs. Bethune, nee Eleanor Soper, was a tiny attendant at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Crowdy, parents of the bride. There will be nine bridesmaids, these being the Misses Mary and Lorna Blackburn, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Blackburn; Miss Louise Fauquier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier; Miss Sue Houston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houston, both debutantes of this season; Miss Ellen Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Scott; Miss Betty Fauquier, debutante daughter of Mrs. Edward Fauquier; Miss Margaret Costigan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Costigan, of Montreal; and Miss Alice Blackstock, daughter of Mrs. William Blackstock, of Toronto.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Ross are entertaining at Government House, Toronto, on Friday night of this week in honor of Sir William Clark, C.M.G., England's High Commissioner in Canada, and Lady Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Kerr, of Winnipeg, have been in Montreal, guests at the Windsor.

Sir Robert Borden, of Ottawa, has been in Toronto for a few days, guest of the Hon. Wallace Nesbitt and Mrs. Nesbitt, of Warren Road.

Miss Alice Cummings, of Hamilton, Ontario, is a visitor in Toronto, guest of Mrs. George Dickson, of Elm Ave., Rosedale, Toronto.

Miss Anna-Mae Hees, of Upper St. George Street, Toronto, will entertain at tea on Wednesday, January 30, at her residence, in honor of the bride-elect, Miss Cecily Larratt Smith.

Among those in Montreal last week at the Ritz Carlton were Sir Charles and Lady Fitzpatrick, of Quebec; Sir Richard Squires, Prime Minister of Newfoundland and Lady Squires, from St. John's, Nfld.; the Hon. E. R. Rhodes, Premier of Nova Scotia; Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Sylvia Rhodes, from Halifax, N.S.; Mrs. W. H. Rowley and Miss L. Kingsford, of Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. P. A. O'Farrell, of Vancouver; Mrs. J. Gordon Glasgow, of Quebec; Mrs. C. MacDougall and her son, Mr. Keith MacDougall, of Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Jones, of Toronto; Miss Doris Ingram, of Vancouver; and Miss E. B. Christie, of Calgary; also the Hon. Gen-



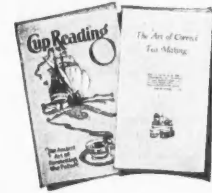
MISS VIRGINIA WOLFE
A charming portrait of Virginia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wolfe, of Russell Hill Rd., Toronto, who is a student at Montmorency College, Paris, France.

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GOLDEN BEIGE CARACUL... Beige Fox Collar	1100	880
HUDSON SEAL MODEL... With White Fitch	1250	937
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HUDSON SEAL... Model Coat—Plain	500	357
JAP MINK... Dropped Skins	1050	735

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When buying a present for a man remember that golf hose cover a multitude of shins. * Every plain, intellectual woman hates her pretty but silly sister in the mistletoe season. * More serious crimes are due to betting than to any other single cause.



Lady Loucheed and her daughter, Mrs. Nolan Hussey, of Calgary, will sail for the Orient early in February, and will be away for about three months.

The Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Denis Murphy, of Vancouver, have announced the engagement of their eldest daughter, Margaret, to Mr. Fergus E. Murphy, son of Mr. T. J. Murphy, K.C., and Mrs. Murphy, of London, Ontario. The marriage will take place early in the summer.

Mrs. Herbert Wood, of Vancouver, who was Mrs. C. W. Frazee's guest in Montreal, left last week end for New York. Mrs. S. G. Dobson, of Montreal, entertained at luncheon at the Winter Club in honor of Mrs. Wood, who was much fêted during her visit.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Butchart, of Victoria, B.C., who have been in England, have left for Cape Town, South Africa, where they will be for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Aird, of Toronto, are now at their new residence on Dunvegan Road.

Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Moore, V.D., O.C., will entertain at dinner on Friday night, February 1, before the annual At Home and dance of the Mississauga Horse.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jarvis, of Toronto, left for Barbados on January 23.

Mrs. D. A. Dunlap, of Toronto, gave a small luncheon on Thursday of last week for Mrs. Howard Ferguson, Mrs. J. C. Dunlap, of Pembroke, was a guest.

Mrs. W. B. Macpherson, of Walmer Road, Toronto, entertained at tea on Thursday afternoon of last week in honor of Mrs. Hugh Calderwood, of Barrie, who returned home on Monday of

and Mrs. Hugh Oaler, was guest of honor at a tea given recently by Mrs. Philip Oaler.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Tilley are again in Toronto from Europe.

Mrs. Philip Gilbert, of Toronto, entertained recently at luncheon in honor of Mrs. Anglin, of Ottawa.

Miss Eleanor McLaughlin, of Oshawa, with Miss Babe Dryer, recently left for Aiken, South Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Udy are again in Toronto from Europe where they were since November.

Mrs. John McKee, of Toronto, entertained at luncheon on Wednesday of this week in honor of the bride-elect, Miss Cecily Larratt Smith.

Mrs. Patrick Hardy is again in Toronto after several months spent in Europe.

The Women's Musical Club of Toronto will hold their next concert at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday, Jan-



MISS J. MOODIE
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Moodie, of Port Nelson, Ontario.
—Photo by Annie G. Mulholland

this week. Mrs. Macpherson was smart in a Paris gown of black net. The table, done with pink roses, was presided over by Miss Blair Burrows. Mrs. Macpherson's guests included Miss Mortimer Clark, the Misses Brock, the Misses Sophie and Edith Mistle, Mrs. Bruce Morrison, Mrs. W. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Gordon MacKenzie, Mrs. Ralph King, Mrs. H. Y. Telfer, Mrs. William Davidson.

Miss Janet McCulloch, of Galt, sailed on Saturday of last week from New York for the Mediterranean.

Well known Torontonians who are attending the marriage, in Windsor, of Miss Mabel Cole McTavish to Mr. Charles MacKenzie King, on Saturday of this week are, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King, Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Rolph, and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Donald.

Mrs. Frank Matthews, of Toronto, is sojourning in Bermuda.

Mrs. L. McGlashen, of Niagara Falls, is leaving on February 2 for the South of France, where she will be for several weeks.

Mr. Justice Masten, of Toronto, has left on a cruise of the West Indies.

Among the riders in the paper chase given by the Bermuda Garrison and Hunt Club recently was Miss Inez Carey, of Vancouver, B.C.

Miss Nadine Harty, of Kingston, who has been the guest in Winnipeg of Mr.

uary 31, at three o'clock, when Mr. Norman Wilkes, pianist, assisted by Alberto Guerrero, will give a most interesting programme.

Mrs. Thomas Findley, of 27 Foxbar Road, Toronto, and Miss Margaret Findley are sailing in the S.S. Homeric for the Mediterranean Cruise on Saturday of this week, January 26th.

The weekly Winter Show at the Eglinton Hunt Club was very largely attended on Saturday afternoon of last week. Mrs. Strathearn Hay, lately returned from the West Indies, and Miss Katharine Christie were hostesses at tea which was served in the Lounge. Those present included Mr. George Beardmore, M.F.H., Colonel Sanford Smith, Colonel and Mrs. W. A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Livingston, Miss Joyce Livingston, Mr. W. L. Christie, Major Rawlinson, Mrs. E. Ridout Fellowes, Miss Helen Gurney, Dr. C. A. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Horace T. Hunter, Dr. A. H. W. Caulfield, Miss Betty Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Adair Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. James Miln, Major and Mrs. G. F. Gayford, Major Hearn, Miss Peggy Hearn, Mr. W. J. Northgrave, Mrs. G. A. Mara, Mr. Keith Balfour, Dr. and Mrs. Capon, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Robinson, the Misses Meyers, Colonel Walker Bell, Mr. Harry Sifton, Mrs. H. MacKay.

Captain H. Beverly Heigham, now a resident of New York, has lately been visiting old comrades in Toronto and other Canadian cities.



MRS. FRANK C. S. EVANS, OF TORONTO, AND HER YOUNG SON, JOHN STUDDERT
Mrs. Evans was formerly Miss Claire Hays, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Hays, Goderich, Ontario.
—Photo by Ashley & Crippen

Jacket Frocks

—bring news of Spring to Fashion Floor

A. Tweed Designs announce the new in printed silks. Beige, brown and the rust tones are charmingly combined in the model sketched, the top of the frock is of wool jersey in soft beige. At \$89.50.

B. Cravat Silk—of Patou fame—fashions this smart model. The skirt is pleated all round—the top is of beige flat crepe. In brown and beige. At \$85.00.

C. Pleated Frills afford a clever trimming touch to jacket and fold-over skirt. Brown, orange, red and beige blend in the printed silk of modernistic dot design. The flat crepe blouse is in parchment shade. At \$79.50.

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Mar. 8 Mar. 29

For Cherbourg and Southampton

That smartly correct London atmosphere that characterizes a Mayfair drawing room is reflected in the Berengaria.

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Sails from New York

April 10

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The Mauretania... only five day ship on the Atlantic. Her remodelled staterooms anticipate the most exacting demands.

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On your way to Scotland, the Cameronia, swift and modern, provides all the things you like on land and those you can only get at sea.

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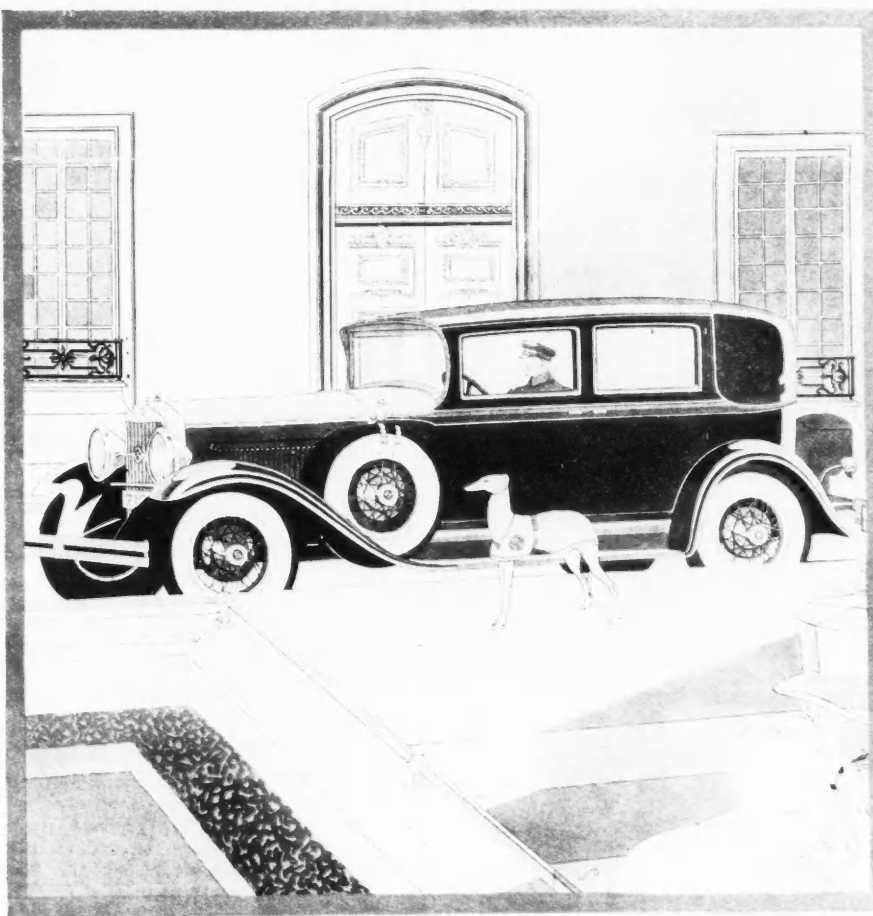
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Builder of Champions

Senator and Mrs. W. L. McDougald, of Montreal, sailed from New York recently in the S.S. Majestic for England accompanying their son, Mr. Wilfred Joseph McDougald, who will enter the Military Training School at Sandhurst.

Dr. and Mrs. John Sinclair McEachern, of Calgary, Alberta, announce the engagement of their daughter, Dorothy Mary, to Mr. Morris Aldworth Daly, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Arthur Daly, Nanaimo, Ontario. The marriage is taking place in Calgary on Saturday of this week, January 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Strathearn Hay are again in Toronto after a trip to the West Indies.



For the Midnight Supper

After bridge or the theatre, serve your guests with steaming OXO. Its rich beef flavour just "hits the spot." No bother—no fuss—and no sleeplessness afterwards!

In 6-oz. Flasks and
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HANDSOME CATALOGUES
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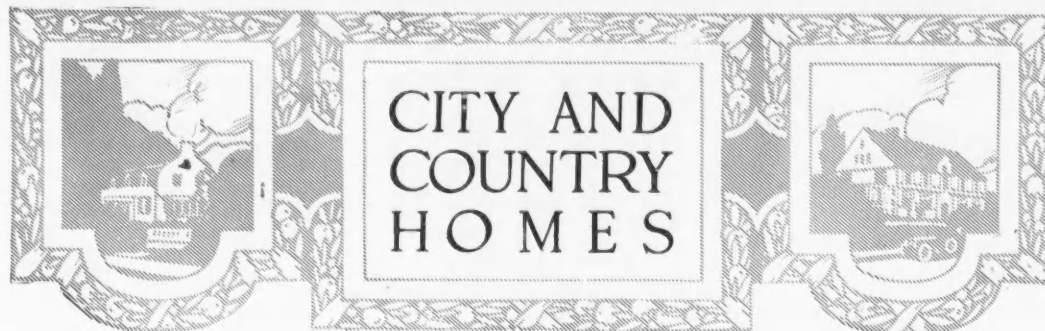
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CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

January in the Garden

AN ALL-ANNUAL garden has two great advantages. It will give continuous flowers for cutting from the time the flowers commence to the end of the season. Moreover, it gives a chance to start fresh every year. We can begin with a *tabula rasa* as it were, and soil can be ploughed up, re-fertilized, resown, and the garden re-designed from the beginning without having to consider feelings or roots of existing plants.

If the annual garden is only for picking, the plants may be grown in rows as vegetables are, with one kind

the meat course. The first pang of hunger have been satisfied and so we can get down to the serious business of real eating—with pencils, plenty of paper, and a pen for making out the final orders.

Whatever may be your leanings toward the countless fine perennial flowers which the catalogs describe, do not fail to jot down on the "must have" list at least a few annuals. The flowers whose lives are no longer than a single season are absolutely indispensable for several purposes—filling in the gaps which are sure to be

the soil the better the results will be.

Early spring planting, too, is the best for evergreens in nearly every section of the country. Get these things properly in the ground before new growth commences, and loss should be virtually eliminated.

LIME-SULPHUR and other strong sprays used for destroying scale insects on trees and shrubs are best applied between now and the first of March. They never ought to be used except in the dormant season, because their strength is likely to injure any bud or twig growth that is active and consequently somewhat tender. In spraying, work from all around the tree so as to reach the bark on every side. A windless day is best, of course.

Along with this winter spraying goes necessary pruning—pruning it, rather. If you are wise you will gather all the wood which is removed and pile it in some place where it can be burned early in the spring. There is no telling what insect or disease pests it may harbor, so a first-class bonfire is called for before they can escape in the warming weather. Besides, one of the good gardener's ten commandments is to clean up as he goes.

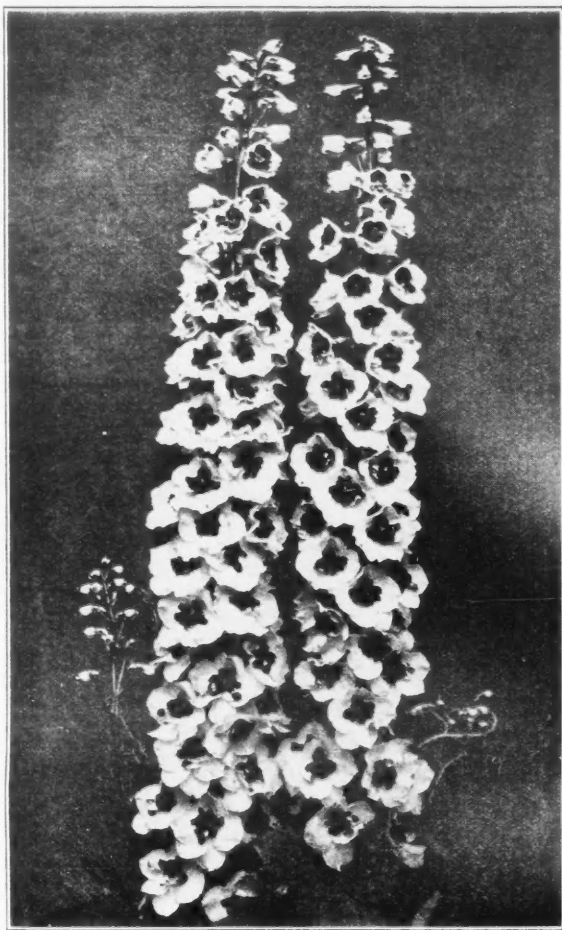
As you work among the trees you will perhaps find that Nature has been trying her hand at pruning, too; wind-broken branches here and there show where she has been at work. Usually she makes a very poor job of it, often leaving the work only partly done. Unless you take care of completing it by finishing the removal, trimming off the stubs, painting the wounds and otherwise making things shipshape, the winds and storms will likely do still more damage before the winter is over. A swaying, partly broken branch can rip away a lot of good bark in a heavy gale.

And while you are out-of-doors, make sure that the mulch has not been blown off the herbaceous border. If there is no snow, hold it down with branches or wire netting.

EVEN in midwinter there come occasional mild days when the thermometer, in those sheltered nooks where the cold-frames are usually placed, rises well above the freezing point. Such breaks can be turned to good, practical account by raising or even entirely removing the sashes on the frames during the pleasantest part of the day, thereby giving the plants a welcome breath of fresh air. A few hours of this will be enough, after which be sure and close the sash again to forestall the chill which the late afternoon will bring.

Indoors, it is not too soon to start the early preparations for the coming garden season. Flats for seed sowing may be made out of old box wood, nailing them solidly. If they measure about 14" by 18" and 3" deep, when finished, they will not be too heavy to handle comfortably after the soil has been put in. A few half-inch holes must be bored in their bottoms, of course, to provide for the escape of excess water.

And then there are the garden in-



Kelway's Delphinium, "Knight of Somerset," deep indigo blue, large black and yellow eye, single flowers, extra fine.

to a row or half row. If the garden is also designed, that is, arranged in beds, or a bed, plan the tall flowers at the back and the medium and low in front.

If the beds are over six feet long in more than one dimension it is useful to have stepping stones or a service path divide these, in order to get at the individual plants easily.

In choosing varieties of seeds, remember two things. Do not get too many kinds for the size of the garden, and be sure to include the stand-bys for cutting. An average list of these would include:

cosmos	verbena
French and Afr.	tail ageratum
can marigold	Drummond
calendula	phlox
salpiglossis	stock
single petunia	snapdragon
single China aster	sweet pea
zinnia	Shirley poppy
cornflower	

For seconds there would be:

pink	antennaria hu-
millionette	brids
scabiosa	California-poppy
Nigella	nemophila
blue laceflower	anemone
Anemone	Cynoglossum
Brodiaea	Schizanthus
Drumphytheca	

After these come the "extras," and there the fun begins.

Try dwarf morning-glories for a mass of pure blue. They are like sky-blue petunias with yellow throats.

Annual Linaria made a good show at last spring's flower show, especially the lavender and white sorts. It is not unlike a Schizanthus, but has less foliage.

Mentzelia wrightii is interesting with exotic foliage and a flat yellow flower with conspicuous stamens.

Ethiopia rosea, charming annual four-o'clock, six inches high.

Phacelia campanularia is easily grown and good for an early-blooming edge plant.

Trachelium caeruleum is like a light blue baby's breath.



Kelway's (Langport England) single pyrethrum, "Baby Kelway," two rows of lilac, Peach Petals, very delicate in color.

A good day be-
gins with a cup
of good coffee—

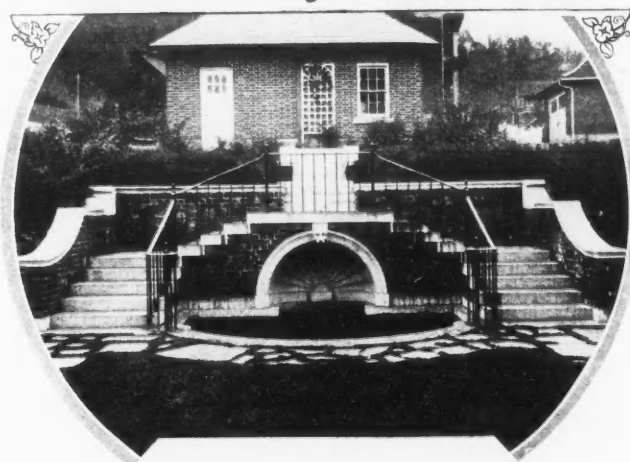
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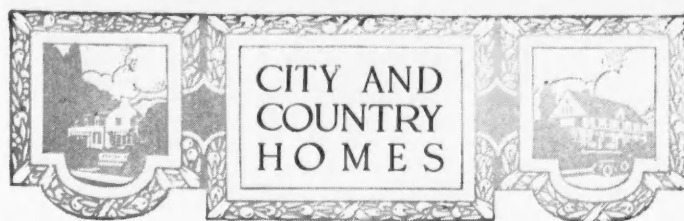
Ingram & Bell

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plements to be looked over, put in order with paint or oil, as the case may be, and generally made ready for use. Past experience is the best guide to these matters and also to the question of replacements or additions to the list. There is no point in cluttering up a tool-house with a lot of stuff which is rarely or never used,

but it is equally unwise to handicap one's work by not having enough of the right sort of implements. Successful gardening involves a good deal of labor for which many of us have none too much time, and we are not being fair to ourselves or our plants if we try to worry along with makeshift tools.



Leaks and How You Can Avoid Them

I.
YOU cannot easily withstand an uncontrolled leak in your pocketbook. Neither can you long endure a leaking house. If your house leaks your pocketbook may be drained. That is the reason for this story.

Most home building efforts are directed toward the prevention of leaks. The walls you build must not leak heat, cold, wind or rain. The roof you place over your head, if it leaks, then maledictions on the roofer. There are the pipes that the plumber puts in. He is supposed to

pecially so when cracks develop, water seeps in, and the basement looks as though it were time to call all hands to man the pumps. These inundations tax our pocketbooks every time they come along. The wall cracked because the footings were not wide enough or the builder did not start them on sound and undisturbed soil; or, perhaps, you tried to save a few sacks of cement or used unclean sand or gravel in a moment of misguided economy.

Probably, the best waterproofing compound is more cement. Certain-

that he was convinced the way to do this was to use a different kind of a warm air furnace than he had selected. He found he could save almost \$150 by taking the cheapest plant to be found. After all a furnace was only a stove with a bit of sheet metal around it and pipes to the various rooms. How could there be \$150 difference in real value in this equipment? It was promptly shown him that it was a matter of leaks. That \$150 difference could be quickly dispatched in extra laundry bills, extra doctor bills, extra coal bills.

One of the surest things ever said about home building is that you pay for good materials whether you get them or not. Why not get them in the first place?

III.
ANOTHER part of the heating plant, the flue, is a prolific source of leaks. There should be exactly two holes in a flue and no more. The flue should be lined with tile from the opening where the furnace or stovepipe or fireplace throat joins in to the tippiest top of the chimney stack. Think what happens in that flue when the soot accumulates and takes fire as it often does. If there is an opening somewhere along the stack, where the mortar has fallen out between the bricks, what is to prevent the blazing soot from going through this opening rather than out of the top of the chimney? Perhaps this casual opening is in the attic where there is the usual accumulation of materials that we do not have the courage quite to throw away. Fire starts and the home is ruined. Flue linings cost so little that they can hardly be found in the masonry bill, and yet they pay dividends year after year in protection.

Leaking roofs? You cover the rafters with boards and over them lay almost every conceivable material from paper to metal. There is rubber, asphalt, tar, felt, stone, steel, tin, copper, zinc, tile, wood, cement, asbestos and combinations of these. Obviously they do not all have the same value first or last, but you can have a tight roof with almost any one of them if it is put on properly. Certainly some of these materials will outlast the others. Copper for example will outlast tin. Certainly also it is a prodigious waste of money to use a material which, even though it may be tight for the present, will soon violate our faith.

Roofs made of overlapping units such as shingles, slates, and tiles, the form of roof used most commonly in home building, invite leaks and disaster when they are slapped on in any old way, and there will come a time when you will positively want to do violence if you use just any old quality of these units. They make sound roofs if they are made right; good felt, good asphalt, good wood—cut and preserved as it should be—made by science and not by guess. If they are of proper materials and put on skillfully, the wind will not blow them off. They will not curl or crack and let water down through the ceilings. Let us stop our roof leaks before they happen by not taking a chance with questionable materials or poor workmanship. Buy roofing on the basis of reputation for service.

One synonym for depreciation might be leakage—leakage of virtue, of value, of substantial qualities, and these are always followed by reduction of the bank balance if the property is kept up. When you own your own home you pay depreciation just as you did when you rented, but with this essential difference—you pay less. You pay less for two reasons. First, because it is natural for you to take better care of your own home than that of others. Second, because you have learned what causes depreciation, and have built so as to avoid the extra cost of upkeep.

On Naturalizing Narcissus

THE further we progress in gardening experience the more possibilities do we see in so-called naturalized planting. Clearly defined beds and balanced, formal designs for them have their indispensable places, but

they are quite unsuited to those care-free, unsophisticated areas which are so frequently found on properties of fair or large size. To give such nooks the suggestion of artificiality would destroy much of their inherent charm; the problem, therefore, becomes one of beautification without obvious evidence of effort—in other words, of naturalized planting.

The Narcissus family lends itself admirably to the enhancement of these less frequented parts of the grounds, for its members are hardy, colorful in spring, and well suited to arrangement in broad, irregular groups which seem to have been put there by the hand of Nature rather than Man's. Further than this, they need little or no cultivation after the bulbs have once been properly set in late September or October. At intervals of several years, and when they have multiplied enough to become crowded, they will benefit by being dug up and replanted.

Narcissus do well in the shade of high-branched trees, for at their season of growth and flowering the tree leaves are still small enough to admit plenty of sunshine. Orchards, too, offer many opportunities for effective naturalizing with these bulbs, for there is no lovelier flower combination than the pink and white of Apple blossoms overhead and winding ribbons and drifts of yellow Daffodils under foot. In such a place the grass can be left uncut until the Narcissus leaves have ripened in early summer—a necessary condition.

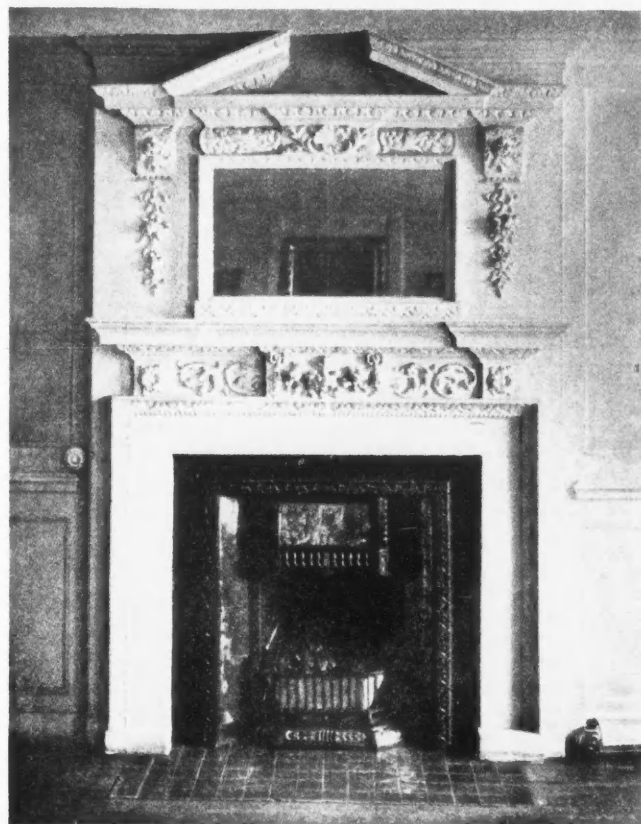
Whatever the exact nature of their location, Narcissus should be given a moderately rich, loamy soil, well drained and plentifully supplied with humus. Should the soil be deficient in plant food, ground bone will prove a good material to supply the needed nourishment. Dig it in when the ground is first being spaded over to a depth of ten inches or so, and see that it is fairly evenly distributed. There is no danger of its injuring the bulbs.

Changes in Boudoir Clocks

THE boudoir clock has many possibilities. People are collecting the huge contraptions of malachite and gilt, with two vases to match, that rejoiced the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But in a modern flat, where there either isn't a chim-

neypiece or it is three feet wide by two deep, these opulent possessions are hardly possible. So, on the other hand, we get the tiny clock that is the middle of an enamel spider's web with gold or blue threads; or the top of an opened umbrella of enamel.

Girls are more apt in learning to swim than boys, according to a report of the Education Committee of the L.C.C. During last year 156,848 schoolchildren had lessons, and 40,272 had learned to swim by the end of the year.



AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FIREPLACE

do a quality of work such that you may never again be reminded of him. When the plumbing leaks, it violates your confidence, besides ruining the plaster. Then there are smoke leaks, gas leaks, spark leaks, leaky flues. What a hazardous place is your home after all! Perhaps, this is what Mark Twain was thinking of when he said that a bed was the most dangerous place in the world, for more men had died there than anywhere else.

These wires strung round your walls may spill electricity, and if they do, how long before you call the fire department? What if your basement leaks? Then you may have to convert the wash tub into a sea going tug and pole yourself about the flood to get the dinner's supply of potatoes. The more one thinks of this the more tremendous these leak problems become. Let us stop them all with a little horse sense.

Perhaps, not everyone can tell what causes a leak. But certainly anyone can find one after it starts. Sometimes they exist from the first—born when the house is built. Sometimes they grow up as the house wears down. In any case they are a vicious brood mothered by the slattern, illegitimate materials, or else by the dowdy workmanship.

The first bulwark of the home is the wall. You can build it many different ways. One way we saw the other day when a friend took us into his basement. Between the sill and the foundation wall was a crack so large that through it we could actually read the license plates on passing automobiles. When you build walls you want openings in them for light and air, but you must be inconsiderate enough to require the carpenter and the mason to restrict the location of these to the more formal doors and windows.

But even these openings will also let in the wintry blasts if they are not tight. The coal man, if he cares to do it, can name every home in town that has poor walls and windows by the number of trips he has to make to deliver coal. Since you are not obliged to have loose walls or loose windows, it seems futile to put up with them. Wooden walls without insulation or masonry walls without air spaces of some kind leak tons of coal just as surely as though in liquid form you had poured them into the sewer.

II.
THE basement walls may not lose much heat, but they often are responsible for great loss of temper, es-

pecially so when cracks develop, water seeps in, and the basement looks as though it were time to call all hands to man the pumps. These inundations tax our pocketbooks every time they come along. The wall cracked because the footings were not wide enough or the builder did not start them on sound and undisturbed soil; or, perhaps, you tried to save a few sacks of cement or used unclean sand or gravel in a moment of misguided economy.

Midway in the construction of the home, the plumber, heater and gas fitter come along. They string pipes through the walls and floors, and afterwards the plasterer seals them in. You trust that they will be faithful and silent, for a garrulous plumbing system that creaks and leaks at every joint, or just one for that matter, is one of the foulest of the leaking fiends. Mortal fibre cannot withstand a leaking plumbing system. What makes plumbing leak? Poor piping will do it—poor jointing between these pipes. A quality job of piping means money. We must pay for it or we do not get it. Every home builder is faced with the problem of whether he will pay 10 per cent. more for a good job when he builds his house or run the risk of a 50 per cent. steam tight joint in piping. A joint in water pipes is easier to make, but no matter what kind of a piping system it is, inspect it thoroughly before it is plastered in and test the joints by putting pressure on them. Then you can seal them up! Don't forget them and then seal them up.

All these leaks that come from heating plants and flues are unnecessary. A home builder came to us a few days ago and said that he must reduce the cost of his new home, and



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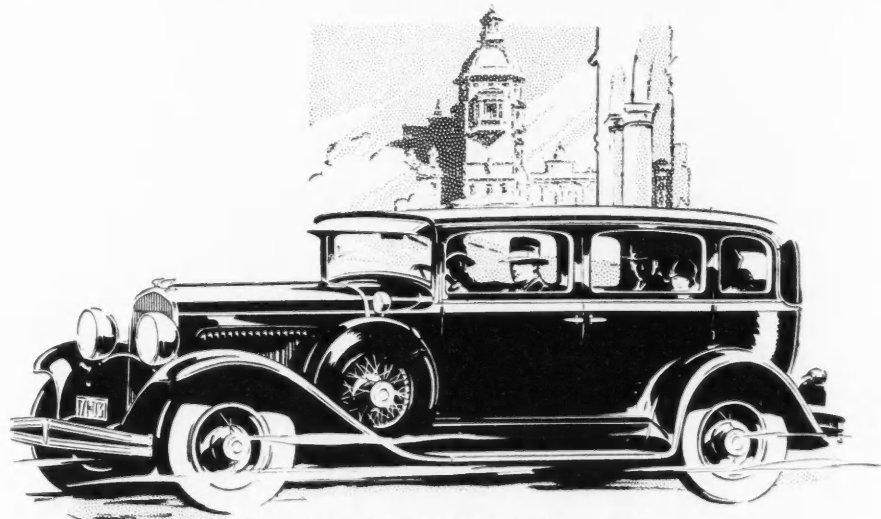
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ST. CHARLES-A	DENNIS-A
SEASIDE-A-E	GALEN HALL-A
SHELBY-RNE-E	GLASLYN-CHATHAM-A
STRAND-A-E	HOLMHURST-A
TRAYMORE-A-E	KNICKERBOCKER-A-E
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[A—American Plan E—European Plan A-E—Both Plans]

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That is why the speed, the dash, the stamina you find in Chrysler can scarcely be equaled, much less surpassed, in cars costing even as much as a thousand dollars more.

New Chrysler "75"—Nine body styles priced from \$1985 to \$3050. New Chrysler "65"—Six body styles priced from \$1325 to \$1460. Wire wheels extra. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

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The Saturday night games of the Toronto Garrison Officers' Indoor Baseball League at the Armouries, Toronto, are always a popular society attraction during the winter season. On Saturday night of last week the ladies who acted as hostesses were Mrs. John Christie, Mrs. James Armstrong, Mrs. George Kinney, and Mrs. Harry Gee. Among the large number present on this interesting occasion were: General and Mrs. Arthur Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald

M. Savage, of Montreal, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George at the Clarendon.

Mrs. Geraldine Taylor, of Winnipeg, is leaving next month for Naples, Italy.

Mrs. James Lockhart, of Toronto, is a visitor in Ottawa, guest of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Sutherland Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Case, of Toronto, are leaving this week end for their place

nipeg, who is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Wilkie.

Lady Kemp, of Castle Frank, Toronto, entertained at bridge last week for Mrs. W. A. Kemp, who with her daughter, Miss Florence Kemp, are leaving for England and Europe, where the remainder of the winter will be spent.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin, of Parkwood, Oshawa, have gone to their place in Aiken, South Carolina, for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Sidney Band is again in Toronto from Bermuda.

Miss Caroline Creer, of Hamilton, is in Montreal with her sister, Lady MacLaren Brown, who is there from London, England, with Sir George MacLaren Brown.

Miss Betty King Smith, Miss Mary Wilson and Miss Helen Gurney, of Toronto, are spending ten days in St. Margaret's, Quebec.

Mrs. J. Baird Laidlaw, of Lowther Avenue, Toronto, entertained at tea on Sunday for Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, who has been in Toronto from New York, guest of Dr. and Mrs. Tovell, of Dentonia Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moncur, of Hamilton, Ontario, are now resident in Toronto, having taken a home on Heath Street, West.

Dr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Taylor entertained at dinner at their residence at Rotheray, New Brunswick, on Friday evening. Yellow and white spring flowers formed the very artistic table decorations. Covers were laid for eight. The guests were: Major-General the Hon. Hugh H. McLean, Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. White, Dr. Murray MacLaren and Mrs. MacLaren, and Mrs. William Rugsley.

Major-General H. A. Macdonell of Toronto, who was in Saint John last week, was entertained at dinner on Thursday evening when Mr. Arthur Thorne was host, and at an informal bridge at which Mrs. C. J. Coster was hostess on Wednesday evening. Major-General Macdonell was also the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George K. McLeod at bridge on Friday evening at their residence, Wellington Row, Saint John.

Mrs. Frederick Y. Knowlton who spent Christmas and New Year's with her daughter Mrs. A. H. O'Brien in Toronto and her son Lieut. John G. Knowlton, consulting assistant engineer of naval service at Ottawa, has returned to her home in Saint John.

Mr. Paul Longley of Sydney, Nova Scotia, is in Saint John, a guest at the residence of Mrs. Charles Coster, Princess Street.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Lee Day and their daughter Miss Eleanor Day, who have been visiting Dr. Day's sister in Guelph returned to Saint John on Sunday.

Friends in Montreal and Saint John will be interested in the announcement of the marriage of Miss Florence Ernestine Ellis, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Ellis of Westmount, Montreal, to Mr. Charles Harold Rioridan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rioridan of Westmount, which interesting event took place on Friday, Jan. 11th at Saint

Barnabas Church, Cape Town, South Africa. The bride is a granddaughter of Mrs. J. Morris Robinson of Saint John and a niece of Mr. H. Beverley Robinson of Montreal. Mrs. Ellis, the bride's mother, was formerly Miss Elsie Robinson of Saint John.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Blake McInerney who have resided in Paris for some years, Mr. McInerney having been managing director of the Royal Bank in that city, have removed to London, England, where Mr. McInerney has been appointed manager of the Royal Bank in London. Mr. and Mrs. McInerney, the latter an accomplished pianist, are natives of Saint John and have three interesting children.

The marriage took place on Tuesday of last week in Congress Hall, St. Patrick's, the Rev. Father Sullivan officiating, of Marjorie Frances, only daughter of Madame George Bourgeois, to Lieut. Commander Kenneth R. Riddell, R. N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Riddell, of Bramley Grange, Guildford, England. Quantities of madonna lilies, white azaleas and southern smilax formed the decorations. The bride, who was given away by the Hon. Mr. Justice Surveyer, wore a model gown of ivory panne velvet. The long two-piece train of the velvet edged with crystals and lined with chiffon fell from the girdle. A bandeau of rosepoint lace in Russian style held her wedding veil of Brussels net embroidered in point d'agule. She wore ivory crepe de chine slippers, finished with lover's knots of satin and carried a shower bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley centred with sweetheart roses. Her attendants were Miss Nini Turcotte, as maid of honor, and Miss Margaret Boswell, of Quebec, Miss Hilfred Clarke, Miss Patricia Deakin and Miss Helen Surveyer, as bridesmaids. They were gowned alike in frocks of aquamarine moire, fashioned with three-tier skirts with trains at the back, the bodices having V-shaped necks and long tight-fitting sleeves. They wore felt hats to match their frocks, and shoes of aquamarine moire finished with lover's knots of satin and satin heels. Their bouquets were of Korde roses. Mr. Robert Maganly de Calry, of London, Eng., was best man for Commander Riddell, and the ushers were Mr. Jean Domer, Mr. Harold Chisholm, Mr. Edward E. M. McCarthy, Mr. Oliver Gilpin and Mr. Pierce Murphy. Madame Bourgeois, the bride's mother, was in a French model of black velvet, the bodice caught at the waistline with a brilliant ornament. Her small black felt hat had a fan-shape feather ornament at the right side. She carried red roses. Mrs. Riddell, of Guildford, England, was in a three-piece costume of navy blue cloth and velvet, the cloth coat having collar and cuffs of sable worn with a skirt to match and a blouse of blue velvet embroidered in gold. Her small hat of navy blue felt was caught at the side with a gold ornament. She carried a bouquet of yellow roses. The reception following the wedding was held in the Blue Room of the Ritz-Carlton, where the decorations were madonna lilies, white azaleas and pink roses. Commander and Mrs. Riddell left later for New York, whence they sail on Saturday by the Deutschland to spend their honeymoon in the South of France.

Hon. J. R. Douglas, of Nova Scotia, is sojourning in Bermuda and is a guest at the Hotel Langton, Hamilton.

A Gentleman at Heart

MANY years ago, when I first came to London, I shared a small studio in Chelsea with an artist, who was as broke as myself.

We were looked after by an old charwoman called Jane. Jane had a husband, a red-nosed, beery-looking individual who, when he was not in a pub, used to spend all day sitting on the Embankment contemplating the river. One morning, while she was cleaning up the studio, I said to her: "If I were you, Jane, I'd make that husband of yours get a job. Why on earth should you keep him?"

"Oh, that's all right, sir," she replied; "don't you worry about that. I knew wot 'e was like before I married 'im. 'E's a good 'usband, and as for 'is 'abits, well 'e can't 'elp

'isself. 'E ain't not wot you might call a scholar, but 'e's a gentleman at 'eart. 'E 'ates work."

Victor Bridges in John O'London

An Idea for the Home "Furrier"

THE smart little fur tie which can be successfully worn with simple tailor-mades is a boon for which we freely give thanks, and happily these fascinating accessories are not necessarily unduly expensive. Of course some of the best models cost a great deal of money, everything depends on the fur chosen and the maison where it is bought. We know to our cost that a big scarf of good fox skin will run into a good sum of money, but some of the small pull-through ties can be made at home by clever fingers.



MISS LILLIAN MILLS
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Mills, of Hamilton, Ontario, whose parents entertained at a dance on December 27 at the Royal Connaught Hotel, Hamilton, in her honor.

—Photo by Hubert Rockett.

Macpherson, Miss Evelyn Johnston, Major and Mrs. Frank Allan, Major and Mrs. Alen Thompson, Captain A. K. Kingsmill, Captain Edward Gordon, Colonel Colin Harbottle, Major and Mrs. Harry Gee, Colonel and Mrs. James Ness, Major Harold Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hamblly, Mr. William Southern, Mr. Hunter Oakley, Mrs. Harry Price, Captain and Mrs. C. Botsby, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cressman, Mr. Bruce King, Miss Jean Harbottle, Mr. and Mrs. James Armstrong, Miss Thelma Taylor, Woodstock, Mr. Hume Crawford, Mr. Gordon Strachan, Mr. Angus Heighington, Miss Anne Howey, Mr. James Douglas, Mr. Leigh Hedges, Captain N. G. Richardson, Mr. Allan Lamport, Mr. S. Saunders.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Campbell, of Douglas Drive, Toronto, are spending some time in Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Stone, the latter Mrs. Campbell's sister, are at Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's residence during their absence.

Mrs. Glyn Osler and Mrs. J. L. South, of Toronto, are in Atlanta for a few days this week.

Mrs. Hugh Calderwood is again in Barbic from Toronto.

Mrs. Albert Gregory, of Fredericton, N.B., is in Toronto for some time and is a guest at the Alexandra, Queen's Park Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. George, of Toronto, are leaving in February 2 to spend the remainder of the winter in the Barbados. Their daughter, Mrs. H.

at Aiken, South Carolina, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. R. C. H. Cassels, of Toronto, entertained at luncheon on Friday of last week for Mrs. Franklin Jones, of New York, and Mrs. Trevor Gwyn, of Win-

chester, who is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Wilkie.

Lady Kemp, of Castle Frank, Toronto, entertained at bridge last week for Mrs. W. A. Kemp, who with her daughter, Miss Florence Kemp, are leaving for England and Europe, where the remainder of the winter will be spent.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin, of Parkwood, Oshawa, have gone to their place in Aiken, South Carolina, for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Sidney Band is again in Toronto from Bermuda.

Miss Caroline Creer, of Hamilton, is in Montreal with her sister, Lady MacLaren Brown, who is there from London, England, with Sir George MacLaren Brown.

Miss Betty King Smith, Miss Mary Wilson and Miss Helen Gurney, of Toronto, are spending ten days in St. Margaret's, Quebec.

Mrs. J. Baird Laidlaw, of Lowther Avenue, Toronto, entertained at tea on Sunday for Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, who has been in Toronto from New York, guest of Dr. and Mrs. Tovell, of Dentonia Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moncur, of Hamilton, Ontario, are now resident in Toronto, having taken a home on Heath Street, West.

Dr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Taylor entertained at dinner at their residence at Rotheray, New Brunswick, on Friday evening. Yellow and white spring flowers formed the very artistic table decorations. Covers were laid for eight. The guests were: Major-General the Hon. Hugh H. McLean, Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. White, Dr. Murray MacLaren and Mrs. MacLaren, and Mrs. William Rugsley.

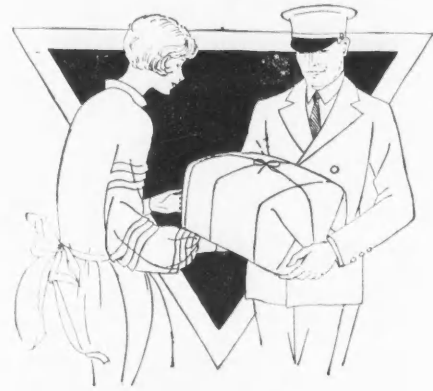
Major-General H. A. Macdonell of Toronto, who was in Saint John last week, was entertained at dinner on Thursday evening when Mr. Arthur Thorne was host, and at an informal bridge at which Mrs. C. J. Coster was hostess on Wednesday evening. Major-General Macdonell was also the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George K. McLeod at bridge on Friday evening at their residence, Wellington Row, Saint John.

Mrs. Frederick Y. Knowlton who spent Christmas and New Year's with her daughter Mrs. A. H. O'Brien in Toronto and her son Lieut. John G. Knowlton, consulting assistant engineer of naval service at Ottawa, has returned to her home in Saint John.

Mr. Paul Longley of Sydney, Nova Scotia, is in Saint John, a guest at the residence of Mrs. Charles Coster, Princess Street.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Lee Day and their daughter Miss Eleanor Day, who have been visiting Dr. Day's sister in Guelph returned to Saint John on Sunday.

Friends in Montreal and Saint John will be interested in the announcement of the marriage of Miss Florence Ernestine Ellis, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Ellis of Westmount, Montreal, to Mr. Charles Harold Rioridan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rioridan of Westmount, which interesting event took place on Friday, Jan. 11th at Saint



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Above all else, he is courteous—ever willing to serve your needs, to make helpful suggestions, to assure you of prompt and careful attention to everything. Our service men are selected with care; they are gentlemen who reflect the character of our institution. You will be pleased with the refined way in which they serve you.

We have a service to meet your individual needs. Let one of our men explain them to-day, or

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GAMES, afternoon teas, concerts, dancing, organized entertainment . . . in a setting of absolute luxury . . . fill every waking hour. On deck . . . in public rooms . . . in the privacy of your luxurious cabin . . . the "Lady Nelson" and her sister ships offer much for your comfort and diversion. Your club could not give more nor put you in contact with more congenial people.

This all-Canadian service will climax all previous vacation trips. Disciplined crews . . . respectful attendance . . . rare menus . . . historic Halifax and Saint John . . . feature it.

Special fares to Halifax, one way and return, via Canadian National Railways.

Steamship Fares:

HALIFAX TO BERMUDA	HALIFAX TO BRITISH GUIANA
One way, \$45 and up	One way, \$135 and up
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Proportionate rates to other ports

Halifax to British Guiana and return — 30 days

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MONTREAL



The NEW FLEET

R.M.S.

"LADY RODNEY"

"LADY SOMERSET"

May to November

from Montreal, and

for the balance of the

year from Halifax to

Bermuda, The Bahamas,

and Jamaica, where

connections are made

for Belize, British Honduras.



The NEW FLEET

R.M.S.

"LADY NELSON"

"LADY HAWKINS"

"LADY DRAKE"

Fortnightly the year

N.S. to Bermuda,

St. Kitts, Nevis, An-

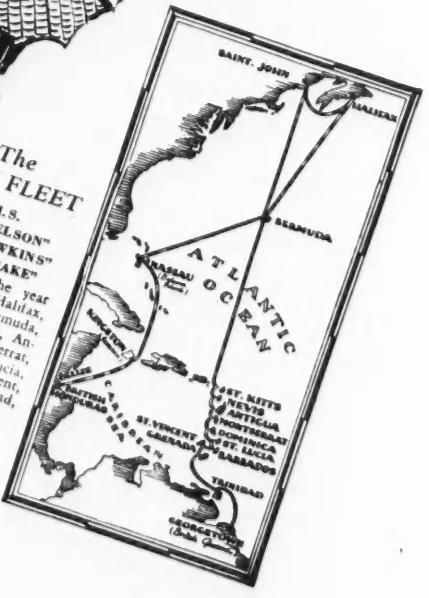
guilla, Montserrat,

Dominica, St. Lucia,


Barbados, St. Vincent,

Grenada, Trinidad,

Guiana.



MRS. ARTHUR AUGUR SQUIER
Formerly Miss Adeline Jarvis Vacher,
of Toronto, whose marriage took place
recently in Plainfield, N.J.



CLARK'S CHICKEN SOUP


Serve "Clark's" Chicken soup next time you want an extra good one—it is one of the 13 delicious

CLARK'S SOUPS

No work—no long cooking—simply add equal parts of water—heat and serve.

Made in Canada and "Canada Approved" Sold everywhere

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15c pkts. Everywhere

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., PHILA.

To hang up little things, always insist on Moore Push-Pins.

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IN THE EXCLUSIVE BEACH FRONT SECTION

The quiet of a country home at the ocean's edge

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REST and play in sun-kissed California this winter. Secure the utmost enjoyment from your trip, travel ONE WAY at least through the Canadian Rockies—add to the pleasures of your trip by including stop-overs in the beautiful Coast Cities of Vancouver and Victoria

Canadian Pacific affords choice of a wide variety of routes, let us arrange your itinerary.

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PURE WOOL

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Drink plenty of water if you want to be healthy, according to the advice of Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, who suggests two tumblers of cold water before shaving, and a still further two, preferably warm, two hours after every meal.

Soaring Value of Pearls

"FINE quality and choice pearls are rising in value every day, in spite of the vogue for the imitation variety," said a well-known London jeweller, commenting on the report in *The Daily Mail* that a creamy-white pearl of 120 grains, found in the Indian Ocean recently, is expected to fetch £10,000.

"This, of course, is due to the fact that there has never, within living memory, been a period when pearls

returned it, and that, moreover, the hats were offered to her without charge in consideration of the publicity thus given to the makers.

She attended the hearing of the case, and gave an entertaining account of the way in which leading artists were solicited by dress-makers, milliners, manufacturers of footwear, and even by makers of lingerie, who begged them to accept their goods on account of the advertisement which this gave them. In the present case it was the man-



MRS. S. A. DUKE
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Chambers. Her marriage took place in November. —Photo by Ash'ley & Crippen

have been so much in fashion with women. Women now are far more knowledgeable about the form and texture of the jewels than they were ten years ago. That is why the price of the quality pearls is soaring. Women know what the best pearls should be, and they are determined to have them.

"No woman in the land, probably, knows more about pearls than does the Queen, whose rope of rose pearls is the finest I have ever seen. I have had the privilege of talking to her Majesty on the subject, and she showed a technical knowledge that was quite remarkable. In a very few minutes the Queen could tell the average woman more about pearls than she would be likely to learn otherwise in the whole of her life.

"The Queen of Spain, to whom I showed some choice pearls the other day, is also a great connoisseur of this jewel, and I noticed that she was wearing two very beautiful 'bonton' pearls as earrings, each weighing about 100 to 150 grains. Pearls are her favorite stones, and she admired the colour and texture of several strings she examined.

"I have in my private collection a very fine pink pearl of 80 grains. Like all the best pearls, it is an Oriental one. Pink pearls, which are in great demand just now, are rarely very large; those I handle are usually small, weighing 6 to 7 grains. This one of 80 grains is the largest I have ever had in my possession.

"People often ask me what happens to the rare pearls that come on the market from time to time and fetch thousands of pounds. Recently I sold for £22,000 a rare black pearl of 150 grains to an Indian rajah, who would doubtless allow it to gleam in single magnificence on his Oriental tunic. In the West we either place the rare gems in a rope, which may take many years to collect, or, as I once did with a very fine pearl, the stones are placed singly in a ring, a heavy claw setting being used to avoid boring them.

"Ropes are easily the most frequent setting chosen for fine pearls. It is curious that although there is a definite vogue for pearl necklaces, very few people give pearl engagement rings nowadays. Sapphires have during the last three months gradually ousted emeralds from their position as the favourite engagement stone.

"It is said, of course, that a pearl means a tear, and this may account for its neglect on such auspicious occasions. My own view is that the only bad luck connected with pearls is the lack of them!"

Cecile Sorel and Her Hats

THE question as to whether hats worn by a great actress and then returned to the milliner were sold or merely lent has had to be solved by the Civil Court of Paris.

The milliner furnishing Mme. Cecile Sorel claimed 94,000 francs for some two hundred hats which had been supplied to the actress. Mme. Sorel argued that she never wore a hat more than once, and then

returned it, and that, moreover, the hats were offered to her without charge in consideration of the publicity thus given to the makers.

She attended the hearing of the case, and gave an entertaining account of the way in which leading artists were solicited by dress-makers, milliners, manufacturers of footwear, and even by makers of lingerie, who begged them to accept their goods on account of the advertisement which this gave them. In the present case it was the man-

rooms, and they designed suitable models. These hats were always returned after having been worn only once.

In 1924 she was notified that a charge of 100 francs would be made for each hat, even though returned immediately. This made Mme. Sorel change her milliner, but her former milliner was so insistent: "he was on the telephone, he was in my dressing room, he was represented by flowers which I found at home, he was everywhere, until I was weak enough to return to him." "All my establishment is at your disposal," he said.

"If he were here, he could not contradict me," Mme. Sorel concluded. The milliner was, however, not there, neither was he even represented by flowers. It was stated that he was ill. Judgment was deferred in order to enable the court to consider such a weighty matter.

Fashion's Follies

IT HAS taken an American woman to think of a way of preventing the hands from getting too warm in a muff. Muffs, as you know, are going to be very fashionable again this winter, and a too warm hand-clasp tends to be disagreeable. This clever American showed me a little aluminium casket, containing ice, which she carries in her bag. The moment before greeting me she held this box, and so she was able to give me a delightfully cool hand, keeping the warm one well hidden in her muff. This idea, she tells me, is rapidly spreading in New York.

Travel the Comfort Way to Winnipeg

"The National" is the popular train to Winnipeg and the West. The travelling man has found it so... women and women with children give it preference... and with good reason. Specially attentive service is offered. Hour of departure and arrival is convenient.

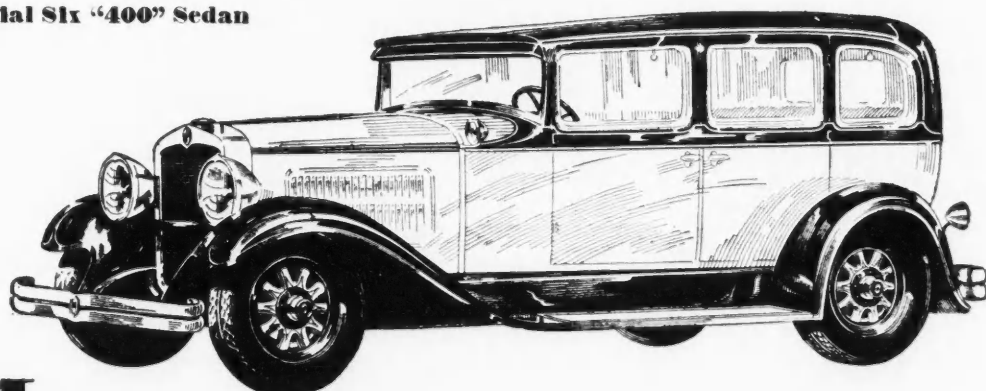
Equipment on this train — Compartment-Observation-Library Buffet Cars (Radio)—Standard Sleepers—Tourist Sleepers—Diner and Coaches.

The National leaves Toronto every evening at 9.00 p.m. for Winnipeg via Sudbury, arriving 10.00 a.m., second morning.

Full information from Canadian National Agents.

THE RECORD-BREAKING NEW NASH "400"

Special Six "400" Sedan



More Powerful, More Economical Motoring in 1929 — from the New NASH TWIN IGNITION Motor

HERE'S one sure way to make your motoring more delightful in 1929—drive a Nash "400", the car with the Twin-Ignition Motor!

More power... greater, smoother speed... remarkable economy of operation—these are new advantages now offered by Nash Twin-Ignition performance.

In the development of this remarkable new motor, Nash has combined three great principles of motor design—twin-ignition, high compression, and valve-in-head.

In the air, this type of motor is winning the

honors. A twin-ignition, high compression, valve-in-head motor carried Lindbergh to Paris, Byrd over the Pole, Goebel to Hawaii. Now, for the first time, Nash makes this more efficient, more economical motor design available to every motorist.

Ask your nearest Nash dealer to give you a Nash "400" to drive. Discover for yourself what the Twin-Ignition motor will do. Compare what we say about the car, with what the car says to you.

You will find that, although we make strong statements about the Nash "400," the facts are even stronger!

The New NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

IMPORTANT "400" FEATURES—NO OTHER CAR HAS THEM ALL

Twin-Ignition motor	Houdaille and Lovejoy shock absorbers (exclusive Nash mounting)	Salon Bodies	Longer wheelbases
12 Aircraft-type spark plugs	Aluminum alloy pistons (Linear Struts)	Torsional vibration damper	Nash Special Design front and rear bumpers
High compression	7-bearing crankshaft (bellows crank pins)	World's easiest steering	Exterior metalware chrome plated over nickel
New double drop frame	Bijur centralized chassis lubrication	Electric clocks	Clear vision front pillar posts
One-piece Salon fenders		Short turning radius	

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Begg Motor Co., Ltd. - Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.
Brey Nash Motors, Ltd. - Toronto, Ont.



The United States Minister, Hon. William Phillips, and Mrs. Phillips, entertained last week-end in Ottawa in honor of the Governor-General and Viscountess Willingdon. The guests included Premier Mackenzie King, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Madame Lemieux, the British High Commissioner and Lady Clark, Mrs. Crombie, Lady Pope, Brig.-General and Mrs. McNaughton, Brig.-General and Mrs. Edouard De B. Panet of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Reford of Montreal, Miss Clark, Mrs. Willis O'Connor, Eric Miville, Mr. and Mrs. Crowdy, the Secretary of the British High Commission and Mrs. Hadow, Capt. Fiennes, A.D.C.; Mrs. Franklin Ahearn, Col. and Mrs. Sherwood, Mr.

of red roses. Mr. Anthony Dobson, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Leonard D. Palmer, Mr. J. C. Webster, Mr. L. Smith, Mr. Geoffrey P. Hedges, Mr. Gordon Smith, of Quebec, and Mr. Hugh Fraser, of Penticton, B.C.

Mrs. Carlington Smith, mother of the bride, wore an ensemble of blue applique lace, having a flounced skirt falling in longer effect at the back, and a long blue velvet coat in quilted design, lined with matching chiffon, and a large felt and straw hat of the same shade. Mrs. Palin Dobson, the bridegroom's mother, was gowned in figured blue chiffon. She wore a blue felt hat trimmed with velvet, and carried yellow roses and lilies of the valley. Mrs. W.

Palin Dobson left for the South, the bride travelling in brown fur coat, worn over a gown of navy blue crepe, a tight fitting navy blue hat, blue suede shoes, and carried a bag to match. They will reside in Bolton, England.

The out-of-town guests included: Col. and Mrs. B. Palin Dobson, Miss Felicity Dobson and Mrs. Anthony Dobson, of Lancashire, Eng.; Col. and Mrs. R. M. Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. George Hyndman and Mr. Andrew Fraser, of Ottawa; Mr. Hugh Fraser, of Penticton, B.C.; Mr. and Mrs. George Le Mesurier, Mrs. James Scott, Mr. Jim Scott, Miss May Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Huyke, Mr. Philip Palin and Miss Palin, of Toronto; Miss Constance Dawes and Miss Hall of Perth; Mr. and Mrs. Donald Sexton, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ford and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gardner, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Roy MacLaren, of Buckingham; Mr. and Mrs. Ross Lyman, of Buffalo; and from Quebec, Col. and Mrs. J. H. Price, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Price, Mr. R. H. Price, Mr. C. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Glasco, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Price, the Misses Price, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Price, Miss Betty Price, Miss Terry Price, Mrs. H. B. Powell, Mr. Harcourt Powell, Mrs. R. Harcourt Smith, the Messrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. Carlington Smith, Miss May Smith, the Messrs. Smith, Mr. A. Carlington Smith, Mr. Hugh Smith, Mr. and Mrs. McGreevy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morewood, Mr. and Mrs. John Laird, Miss Laird, Mrs. J. T. Ross, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Ross, Major-General Sir Richard and Lady Turner, Miss Evelyn Turner, Mrs. William Carter, the Misses Carter, Dr. and Mrs. E. Le M. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Carter and Mr. Kenneth Carter.

Sir Lomer Gouin, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and Lady Gouin have taken up residence at Spencerwood, Quebec, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor.

Sir Montagu and Lady Allan of Montreal, entertained at dinner on Wednesday of last week in honor of Sir George and Lady MacLaren Brown, of London, England.

Miss Mary Oallivie, of Toronto, who was in Montreal with the Toronto Badminton Team, was also in Ottawa for a few days, guest of Miss Mary Bethune.

The Hon. Francis Erskine and Mrs. Erskine, the latter formerly Miss Burnstall, of Quebec, who are now residing in London, England, were holiday guests of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bristol, Bury St. Edmunds.

Sir Richard Squires, newly elected Prime Minister of Newfoundland, and Lady Squires, who were recently guests at the Ritz-Carlton, Montreal, have been in Ottawa.

Miss Ethel Olive Joseph, of Montreal, has been visiting in New York, guest of Mrs. J. K. M. Ross.

Mrs. F. H. Osler entertained in Ottawa at tea last week for Mrs. Sutherland-Brown, Mrs. Owen Toller and Mrs. Geoffrey Chrysler presided at the tea table which was attractively decorated with spring flowers. The Brigadier-General and Mrs. Sutherland-Brown have been the guests in Ottawa of Colonel and Mrs. Victor Anderson who entertained at a delightful week-end supper party in their honor.

Mrs. P. Murdoch Liddell has been recently the guest of Mrs. Stanley Bagg, of Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal. Mrs. Liddell has since returned to her apartment in the Davenport.

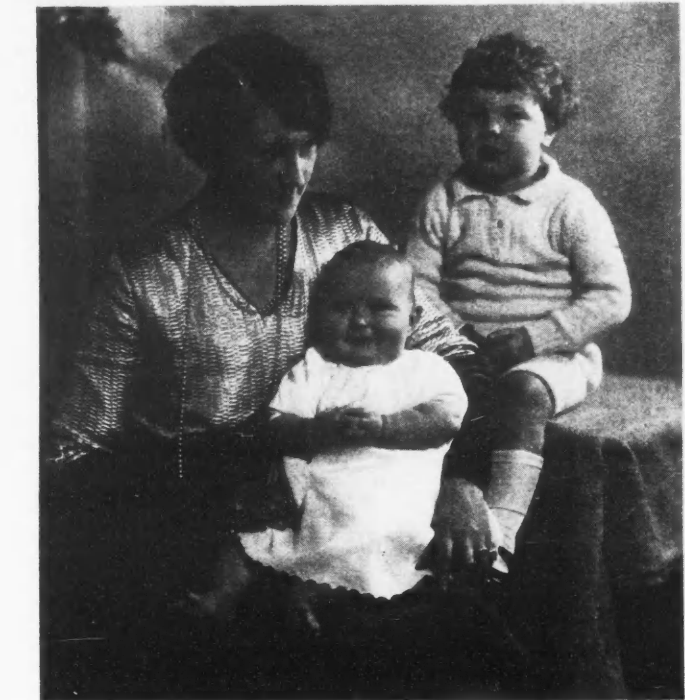
St. Mary's Anglican Church, Summerside, Prince Edward Island, was the scene of an interesting event in the social annals of Summerside and the province, when, at half-past one o'clock on New Year's Day, the marriage was solemnized of Lella Alexandria, daughter of Premier and Mrs. Albert C. Saunders, to Mr. Harold Beattie Schurman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard F. Schurman, of Summerside, and nephew of Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University, and now United States Ambassador to Germany. The ceremony was performed by the rector, the Ven. Archdeacon C. De W. White. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with cut flowers, and blooming plants of cyclamen, and greenery.

The bride, given away by her father,

wore a gown of white transparent velvet, draped at one side, and caught with orange blossoms. Her veil of Brussels net was worn in cap effect, with a wreath of orange blossoms. She carried pink roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Her slippers were of white crepe de chine with brilliant buckles. The bride's sister, Miss Mona Saunders, was maid-of-honor, and Miss Ethel Schurman, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Marian Leard were the bridesmaids. They were gowned alike, Miss Saunders in orchid moire, Miss Schurman in green, and Miss Leard in yellow. Their turban hats of velvet and shoes of moire matched their gowns, and they carried moire muffs. Mr. Sinclair MacKay acted as best man. The ushers were Mr. Reginald Saunders, brother of the bride, and Mr. Reginald Pope. The wedding march was played by Miss Grace Patterson of Montreal, cousin of the bride, and during the signing of the register Miss Dorothy Wyatt sang "O Promise Me," Miss Patterson presiding at the organ. The bride's mother was gowned in French blue printed velvet, with hat and shoes to match. She wore a silver fox fur and a corsage bouquet of pink roses. The bridegroom's mother wore a beige georgette gown, with a hat of contrasting fawn and beige. Her corsage bouquet was of pink roses. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. The decorations were very beautiful. The spacious drawing room was a veritable bower of roses and potted plants of cyclamen. The large hall and sun parlor were done with pink carnations. The bride's table, decorated with pink roses and smilax, was presided over by Mrs. MacArthur, Mrs. J. Le Roy Holman, Mrs. James J. Aird, of Montreal, and Mrs. Richard Mussen. They were assisted in serving by Mrs. C. A. Macphail, Mrs. Benjamin Rogers, Jr., Miss Enid MacFarlane, Miss Dorothy Hutcheson, Miss Lois Owen, Miss Helen Baker, and Miss Lucy Clark. Later Mr. and Mrs. Schurman left for the United States, the bride travelling in a dress of indigo blue flat crepe trimmed with ecru chuney lace and seal coat trimmed with kolinsky, with hat and shoes to match. On their return they will reside in Summerside. The out-of-town guests were Mrs. James J. Aird and Miss Grace Patterson, of Montreal, cousins of the bride, Hon. Walter M. Lea and Mrs. Lea, of Victoria; Hon. Justice and Mrs. Inman, Mrs. R. H. Jenkins, Miss Dorothy Hutcheson and Mrs. Dewar, all of Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. James B. Moffitt, of Kensington; Mr. Eric Found, of French River; Mrs. Jack Gunter, of Gaspe, Que.; and Miss Linkletter of Linkletter Road, Prince Edward Island.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Peter Gordon, of Renfrew, recently left for Bermuda.

Miss Brooke of Montreal, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. R. Hibbard and the Rev. W. R. Hibbard in Rothsay. Miss Brooke was recently the guest of honor at a delightful bridge given by Mrs. H. F. Puddington and a smaller bridge at which her sister was hostess.



Mrs. Owen Chipman Toller, of Ottawa, and her sons, George Owen, aged 3 years, and Eric Bryson, aged 5 months. Mrs. Toller is the youngest daughter of the Hon. George and Mrs. Bryson, of Fort Coulonge.

and Mrs. Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. Keefe, the Counselor of the Legation and Mrs. Mayer, the Commercial Attache of the Legation and Mrs. Meeking, Major H. Dorsey Newson, Secretary of the Legation.

Sir William and Lady Stavert, of Montreal, leave on January 31, for Panama and San Francisco and thence to Honolulu where they will be for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Lucien Cannon, of Quebec, entertained at luncheon on Wednesday of last week in honor of Madame L. H. Hebert, of Montreal, and Mrs. J. E. Fernald, of Arthabaska.

Mrs. T. J. Stiles, of Ottawa, entertained at tea on Wednesday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Amy Gaviller, of Hamilton, who has been visiting the Messrs. Bogart at the Strathcona.

General A. D. McRae, M.P., for North Vancouver, and Mrs. McRae recently left for Ottawa where they will be for the season.

Mrs. H. R. Drummond-Hay, of Winnipeg, is visiting her parents, Sir George and Lady Bury, in Montreal.

Miss Caroline Creerar, of Hamilton, is in Montreal to be with her sister, Lady MacLaren Brown, of London, England, who is the guest of their brother-in-law, Mr. C. E. Neill.

Mrs. Ross Malcolm is again in Montreal from Toronto where she was the guest of her mother, Mrs. D. H. De Pender.

The marriage of Marion Sarah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Carlington Smith, to Mr. Benjamin Arthur Palin Dobson, son of Colonel and Mrs. Palin Dobson, of Whitestock Hall, Ulverston, Lancashire, England, took place on Tuesday afternoon of last week at half-past four o'clock, at the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, the Rev. Canon A. P. Shafford officiating. White lilies decked the altar, with masses of red poinsettias, ferns, and palms grouped in the chancel. The bridal party passed under arches of evergreen entwined with narcissi.

The bride who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory satin having a tight bodice with long close-fitting sleeves edged with Duchess lace falling over the hand, and a full skirt with an uneven hem line, and ornamented in front with a pearl buckle. The court train of satin fell from the shoulders and was caught in at the waist line. A coronet of Duchess lace held her tulle veil, which fell in long graceful lines to the ends of the train. She wore slippers of white satin, the straps being adorned with diamante buckles, and carried a shower bouquet of pale pink roses and freesia. Her only ornament was the bridegroom's gift, a French crystal brooch, inset with a design of pearls and diamonds. Mrs. Leonard D. Palmer, as matron of honor for her sister, and the other bridal attendants, Mrs. J. C. Webster, cousin of the bride, Miss Felicia Dobson, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Constance Walcott, were gowned alike in pale apricot shaded georgette, with plain bodices and tight fitting girdles of crystal and diamante, the skirts having circular flounces graduating into longer lines at the back. They wore coats of apricot georgette embroidered in diamante and crystal, and crush hats of Goya red felt with drooping brims, trimmed with small felt bows. They wore red slippers, and carried bouquets



MRS. JAMES DUNWOODY, OF WINNIPEG, AND HER HANDSOME LITTLE SON.

—Photo by Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Jessop.



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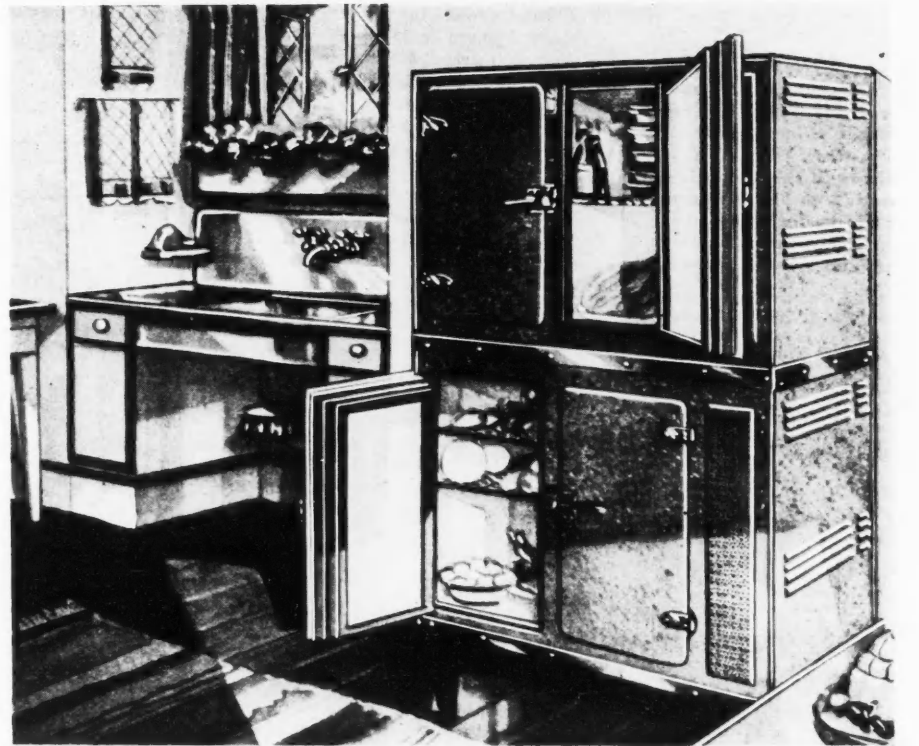
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